The
SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Let me go on!
I know the way behind me seemeth fair,
I know the sun shone brightly, warmly there.
And on before, lieth a broad, dim meadow;
And what awaits me there, is draped in shadow.
And yet I would press on.

Not back, but on!
I know the past was full of pleasant things;
The song of birds, the rustle of their wings.
I know the future holds no sounds of singing,
No sounds of laughter, or of glad tones ringing.
And yet I would go on.

Steadily on!
What though the past was a smooth, even road—
What though the present holds no heavy load,
And all the future way is rough and hilly,
Whose snows are endless, and whose winds are chilly.
But yet I would keep on.

Ay up, and on!
I hate this even, uneventful life;
Give me the scenes of labor, and of strife.
My path is rugged, but it is ascending,
And I shall stand exalted at the ending.
And so I will press on.

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

There was a pause in the music; the crowd had flocked into the supper-room, and there was a hope of getting breath at last left for the few rational mortals who remained upstairs, instead of following the people who had gone to afflict their interiors with all sorts of delicious and more indigestible compounds.

Mrs. Dormer had managed to escape from her host of adorers and had taken refuge in a little boudoir off the drawing-rooms, determined at least to have a few moments' quiet in the midst of the long night which had been so great a triumph in her case, as far as social success went, and such an unutterable weariness and dreariness generally, in spite of the adulation of masculines and the envy of sister women.

Until the past few weeks, such scenes had for several years been so unfamiliar to her that one might have supposed she would bring all her old girlish power of enjoyment into them; but could they who had seen her a short half hour before in the ball-room, have looked at her now as she leaned against the window-sill and stared out into the square below, where the leafless trees sighed and swung their branches in the midnight wind, they might almost have questioned if it could be the same countenance which they had watched smiling and careless as she floated through the dance, or allowed her witty tongue the largest liberty at the expense of the men who crowded about her whenever a pause in the music left her a brief leisure for conversation.

Useless to question of what she was thinking as she stood there—such diverse emotions swept like shadows over her face and dimmed the splendor of those eyes which in the days of her girlish popularity had carried trouble to so many hearts. That was years ago—centuries it seemed to Leonie Dormer as she looked back—and she wondered that outwardly there was so little change.

There was a step in the doorway. Leonie was roused by the muffled sound and turned to face the intruder, schooling her features into the haughty quiet they were wont to show the world, with a rapidity which only long practice and familiarity with trouble could have taught.

But Walter Thorman had been there in the shadow of the silken curtains before she heard him, and had caught the bitterness and unrest which darkened her eyes in that season of self-communion. He remembered that face as he had seen it in the early days of her girlish happiness, before the slightest shadow had swept across her sky; when he watched her sitting in her opera box or the queen of some festive gathering, and wondered if any trouble could ever approach a life so glad and so carefully guarded. He remembered that face as it met him once since during a journey he had made to the Pacific coast, when a kindly fate had thrown him in her way and he had been able to protect her in a moment of terrible need, never fully understanding the circumstances himself, but always keeping secret even the fact of that meeting, lest some annoyance should come to her through him.

Since her reappearance in the world—as we use the term—he had seen her several times, but not within speaking distance, and for the last few weeks he had been absent in Washington, so that not a word had been exchanged between them since that day of trouble, which would seem to have left no trace in the brilliant career of the present, had he not observed her as she stood there off her guard in the solitude.

IN THE BOUDOIR.

She was looking, thinking, wondering, as we are all given to doing when any of the odd romances which we pronounce unnatural, if put in novels, come near our lives. Then Leonie turned and saw him, and by the wave of color that swept to her very forehead and faded as quickly, leaving her paler than before, he knew that she recognized him and that straightway her thoughts had gone back, as his had done, to their last encounter in that far-off land.

There was not an instant's hesitation, as there might have been with another woman. Mrs. Dormer advanced a few steps, holding out her hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Thorman?" she said quietly. "Were you so surprised that you took me for a wandering spirit?"

"I might have been expecting to see you," he answered, bowing over the extended hand. "I have been out of town for several weeks, but I had caught sight of you often before I went away."

"I did not know you were in this part of the world," she continued; "I am sure somebody said you were in Europe."

"My cousin, probably."

"But they needn't have told me about your cousin when *I* meant you," said she. "However, I can't pretend to be surprised; all sorts of people start up so suddenly in all sorts of places, that one loses the faculty of astonishment."

Her voice had resumed the somewhat languid tone which in these days appears to be considered synonymous with good breeding, but it was not that she was trying to do the fine lady; she only fell into her society manner from the mortal horror she had of being dramatic and making a scene. Perhaps it occurred to her that he might misunderstand her words and actions, for she added: "I am very glad to see you again, at all events; but how does it happen that you have not taken the trouble to find me out before?"

"As I told you, I have been absent for some time—in Washington of all places, so pity me! Besides, it is so long since we met that I was not sure but you might have forgotten me."

"There are things that cannot be forgotten, Mr. Thorman," she replied quickly. "Do not imagine me mean enough ever to wish not to remember your kindness to me."

"If connected with any recollection that pains you, do not think of it, I beg—it was very little that I was able to do."

"*Little!*" she exclaimed. "Sir, I have many times since thought that you kept me from absolute insanity—worse! What remembrance you must have preserved of me I never dared to fancy."

"Only that of the most profound sympathy, believe me. I sincerely regretted that you would not empower me to act—that I could not be allowed more fully to understand the case."

"That was impossible," she answered, slowly, and he could see her fingers twist themselves hard together in the effort she made to retain her composure. "Nobody could help me; you did all that any human being could do."

"I may trust that at least your life is peaceful now," he said; in his delicacy careful to make the friendly words an assertion, not an interrogatory.

"I hold my own before the world," she replied, with a bitter little laugh. "Perhaps some day the card house of respectability that surrounds me, may fall in pieces, and the skeleton hand appear—but never mind that; let to-morrow take care of itself—I can do no more than I have done."

"If any assistance—any—"

"Yes, I understand, and thank you; but don't finish. There's an end here! I am glad to see you; glad to greet you as one of my old, old friends, if you will permit—you remember we used to know each other ages ago, when I was new to life; between then and now we'll blot out, that's all."

He extended his hand and grasped hers with more warmth than was habitual with him, in his desire to prove to her that he fully comprehended her meaning.

"Thank you," she said, hurriedly. "Don't think about me as you would of some mysterious woman in a book—my troubles, such as are left, are commonplace enough! Indeed, don't think of me at all only as you see me, or don't let me discover it, else I shall be nipping and savage."

"I think you may trust me, Mrs. Dormer."

"I know I may; it is only myself I doubt—I have grown such a sour, ill-conditioned thing. Good-bye, now; let me have a few minutes to myself before those tiresome people troop back; I'm only fit to be a female Robinson Crusoe on a desert island, just at present; but I'll get over it before you come to see me."

At that instant a face glanced in at the door—a girl's face, looking very youthful and pretty, framed in the lace and silk draperies—but it disappeared before Mrs. Dormer observed the brief intrusion. Thorman saw it, and was glad to repeat his companion's words, and hasten away; for the recollection of that girlish countenance had been often with him during his weeks of absence—and he had come to this very ball, late as it was when he returned, to look once more into the dear eyes that had haunted him so persistently during that time.

Leonie Dormer—she was Miss Courtenage then—had been the richest girl in New York once, and from her seventeenth birth-day until she was twenty, a marvel on both sides the Atlantic for her beauty and extravagance. The blow that hurled her from that dizzy height came as suddenly as a tornado into a tropical sky. Her father, by whom she had been idolized, was found dead one day in his office. There were rumors, quickly hushed, that he had died by his own hand; and of his immense fortune not a vestage was left.

Less than a year after, Leonie became the wife of Mr. Dormer, a man almost her father's age, and of course people said that she married him for his wealth; more likely because she was utterly alone, and his sympathy touched her impressive nature. But if she did wrong, the retribution soon followed—for before a twelve month was gone, the great banking house went down with a crash—and again Leonie found herself in poverty; and her husband was so shattered by the shock, that physically and mentally he was little more than a wreck.

They did not remain among their old acquaintances to be either pitied or neglected. Before those who had envied Leonie were done wondering how she would bear this new disappointment, Forsyth Dormer and his wife had disappeared from the sight of their former world. They were heard of after in California—in one of the far southwestern territories—there it was reported that Leonie was a widow—that her tribe of wealthy relations were allowing her to struggle on unaided as best she might; after that a gap of silence which spread over more than two years.

When the present season was near its height, Leonie's numerous cousins began to talk of her again, and though nobody believed it, they told the truth when they said that for a long time she had left them in ignorance of her whereabouts. But now she was coming back—coming back a widow, only twenty-four, and with a fortune ample enough, even if it would not admit of the princely expenditure of the former days. Certain stocks and Western investments of her husband's, which had been supposed worthless, had suddenly acquired value, and Leonie found herself in a position to return to the life which she had thrown off with such scorn in her hour of humiliation and trouble.

She came back; made her home with her cousin, Mrs. Fanshawe—and for the past two months society had gone mad over her, as it is so fond of doing over any temporary idol that it may chance to set up.

So there Leonie Dormer stood to-night, and the pale, despairing face which she showed to her own soul in her solitude, told plainly that the success which had greeted her, came as so many of this world's gifts do, too late to afford her a moment's peace—nay, more than that—a moment's forgetfulness.

After Thorman left her, Leonie walked slowly up and down the room for a few moments, then with a resolute effort subdued the restless thoughts that for a space had asserted their supremacy. As the sound of steps and voices on the stairs warned her that the crowd were flocking back to the drawing-rooms, she paused an instant before a mirror, settled her wreath, which some impatient movement of her hand had disturbed, and looked into the stormy eyes that flashed on her from the glass, with a startled feeling as if they had been the eyes of a stranger reading her deepest secrets. "What a fool I am," she whispered to the brilliant image; "coming to a ball to make a high tragedy of myself! Upon my word, one would think I ought to be on the stage; I seem so fond of scenes and dramatic effects—idiot!"

She made a scornful gesture toward the shape in the mirror, laughed to see it returned—then turned away with a shiver and an odd sensation that it was not the mere reflection of herself which had mocked at her, but a phantom likeness of her own soul, invisible to others, which followed her and reminded her of her pain wherever she might turn.

The music sounded anew—a bewitching waltz—and as she passed out of the chamber, Mrs. Dormer met several men, all bent on the same search, all clamorous for her hand, and each asserting a prior claim.

"Just look at your tablets," Charley Wylie said; "I wrote my name there myself for this *valse*."

"It's not there now though," another whispered, "for I took an opportunity to rub it out."

"Anyway, I have lost my book," Mrs. Dormer answered.

"But you remember," urged Charley.

"Not in the least, I assure you; I have no idea to whom the dance was promised—none of you, I dare say. At all events I declare myself bankrupt. I'll not pay a single debt. I'm tired."

"Unfair—deliberate dishonesty," they all averred.

"Not at all," laughed she; "only taking advantage of a righteous law—dear me, you men made it, you need not complain."

She was deaf to remonstrance or persuasion, went ruthlessly away and began talking to the elderly host who had got mountains of flesh beyond any possibility of Terpsichorian feats. Presently some man came and urged her to finish the waltz with him; she told him she did it because he had the audacity to avow that she had not promised it to him, and that he wanted it particularly because she was engaged to at least a dozen luckless wights.

As her partner led her to a seat at its conclusion, she grew suddenly so politely deaf and blind that the unfortunate man was glad to leave her and go in search of some less capricious female, and Leonie saw Mark Lasley making his way toward her, and was vexed with herself because she felt that she was glad to see him.

He came forward in his slow, indolent fashion, looking rather more bored and indifferent than usual, and Leonie wondered if that was one reason why he was so much more courted than men of double his fortune—society being a snobbish dame that values mortals apparently in exact proportion to their disregard of her favors.

Just then, a pair passing to join the dance, stopped a moment to speak with Mrs. Dormer and she lost sight of Mark Lasley, but presently she heard his voice close beside her.

"I see you are alive," he said; "I rather wonder at it *if* you have been here long. I feel like a fish in a tank where there are too many reptiles and too little water."

"The placing of the nouns is like your usual modesty," returned she. "But why in the name of all that is reasonable don't you go home if you are tired?"

"I don't believe that's a polite question," said he. "All the books on etiquette say you never should be abrupt."

"I was not abrupt. I had been thinking that ever since I caught sight of you."

"Then you were looking at me? I thought I felt an increase of my natural want of confidence."

"That is one of the finest sentences I ever heard," said she. "What an imagination you must have."

"No; I am only candid. So you were looking at me?"

"You have said that twice already—don't repeat yourself."

"You see the effect your words made."

"I was even looking for you," returned she. "What made you so late?"

"I went straight to the supper-room, but you were not there."

"Admire my frankness in owning I wished to see you," continued she.

"I would," he answered, "only I am perfectly certain that you wanted to say something wicked."

"That is so evidently a self-judgment, and therefore righteous, that I can't quarrel with you," laughed she. "But, dear me, what very smart speeches we are making to each other. They sound like lists in a comedy."

"I may sit down," he said, half-interrogatively, and managing to sweep aside her voluminous draperies so as to make room on the couch, seated himself. "Now please get rid of the wicked speech you wished to make. I know you'll be happier after, and my mind will be at rest."

"I fancy it is always that."

"Stagnant, you mean to insinuate—like a muddy pool?"

"You shall interpret it any way you choose—but since you are so very astute I need not make any apology."

"Had you one on your conscience?"

"Yes; I was so busy this morning that I forgot I had promised to go and see those pictures with you, so there was no exception made for you in the sweeping order I gave that I would admit no human being."

"If Mrs. Fanshawe's Cerberus had only had the opinion of me that his mistress has he would have known that any order in regard to humans did not apply to me—the cousin called me a demon."

"Nonsense! She likes you! Perhaps she said you were *il bel demonio*. I dare say she thinks you wicked, but like most over-good women she has all the greater weakness for you on that account."

"Perhaps she could have you vaccinated for the same amiable folly," said he with his merry laugh.

"No, I'm not good at all, and have seen too many *demonios* of every sort to be deluded. But you have not yet had the grace to say that any apology was satisfactory."

"You must have a very original idea of apologies if you think that saying you forgot me is one."

"The truth is you are cross to-night, and want to be disagreeable; I shall waste no more excuses."

"A very neat way of getting out of the affair certainly," said he in a teasing voice; "when you feel that you have no ground to stand on."

"Oh, now you are downright rude and deserve that I should be equally so! If you really want the truth."

"I am so unaccustomed to meeting her apocryphal ladyship among my acquaintances," he interrupted, "that I should not recognize her in the least if I saw her face to face—pray don't be truthful, whatever happens."

"I feel it to be my duty," said she, echoing his laugh; "and the truth was I didn't wish to see anybody. I felt cross."

"What a terrible day poor Mrs. Fanshawe must have had!"

"No, I was merciful; I shut myself in my room and did not see her until dinner."

"I was right; you inflicted the worst punishment you possibly could."

"What a pretty little old compliment. Did you get that out of a guide to etiquette and correct deportment?"

"That *was* original—the inspiration of the moment; I think it a rather tidy speech."

"I think you had better ask me to dance; I don't believe I could bear many such tidy speeches," retorted she. "Who is that with Mr. Thorman? Oh, that pretty little Milly Crofton—how sweet she looks."

The pair passed on their way to a seat, and the same girlish face that had glanced into the boudoir while Mrs. Dormer stood talking with Walter Thorman, was now turned for an instant toward the brilliant widow, then quickly averted after the briefest salutation that courtesy would permit.

"Why, how cross the little blossom looks," said Mrs. Dormer, wonderingly.

"Perhaps you have been poaching on her manor," replied Lesley, rather wearily.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Thorman was very devoted to her for several weeks before he left town."

"To that child? Well, she is very pretty; but at his age—why he must be thirty-four."

"Very ancient!"

"As you men live, it is—you are all Methusalehs at that age—too old and blase for a little innocent creature like that to fancy."

"Thank heaven, I am only twenty-nine."

"Well, you might be a thousand."

"Good gracious, come and dance," cried he, and led her away, both laughing gaily as if no care or trouble had ever come within reach of their lives.

CHAPTER II.

Thorman led pretty Milly Crofton on towards the upper end of the long room, and glancing through the curtains of the boudoir, saw that it was empty.

"Do come in here and sit down," he said; "it is cool and pleasant, and you must need a breath of air."

"No," she answered capriciously; "I am not in the least tired—besides, I promised the next dance to Mr. Wylde, and I mustn't hide myself where he can't find me."

"Just for a moment," pleaded Thorman.

Milly still hesitated; there was present to her mind the scene she had witnessed in that room a little time before—Thorman holding Leonie Dormer's hand, and bending toward her with an earnest, appealing look, which had sent Milly away with a sudden undefinable chill at her heart. She had not got her breath steadily, nor had the tremor of her nerves ceased, when Thorman came in search of her, and she received him with an attempt at coldness, which, in her youth and inexperience, she could not make unconcerned enough to deceive a man of his worldly knowledge. She refused to dance at first—declaring that she was engaged, tired—but the disquiet and resentment for which she did not try to account, faded from her mind before the earnest expression in his eyes and the beseeching tone in which he said—

"Not one dance, Milly? When I hurried back for this ball on purpose?"

She forgot the dramatic bit she had witnessed—forgot the fascinating widow whom until to-night she had regarded with all a girl's enthusiasm for a beautiful woman—forgot every thing but the fear of giving him pain and the pleading look in those eyes which went straight to her very soul. He gained his point, and by the time the waltz was over, Milly had brightened into new loveliness under the influence of his magical whispers. But as they passed Leonie Dormer when he was leading her up the room, and she caught the meaning smile, half of surprise, with which the widow regarded them, all Milly's inexplicable anger rushed back hot and quick, and she had no mind to be coaxed into good nature again.

But she let him draw her into the boudoir and tried to do the indifferent once more while he talked, but she only succeeded in looking troubled and bewitchingly sulky as she sat ruthlessly pulling to pieces the costly bouquet poor Charley Wylde had sent her, the sight of which in her hands as she entered the rooms had made the boyish goose so very happy.

Walter Thorman was watching her, thinking how pretty she looked, how useless it was for her to attempt that show of indifference, and how charming she was, with her face gathering new expression from those first vague pains and struggles.

"Won't you speak at all to me, Milly?" he said suddenly, "when I hastened back on purpose to see you to-night! What a silly animal I was. I actually thought you were in earnest when you asked me to be here for this ball. I fancied you would be really glad to see me."

"I don't think I have said that I am not," she answered.

"But you show plainly that I might be at the North Pole for anything you would care," pursued he. "At least tell me what I have done to make you angry, Milly?"

As if he had need to ask—he had seen her look into the boudoir and run away—but to answer his question she would be forced to make the avowal which is so pleasant to a man's vanity. However, inexperienced as she was, Milly was no goose, and she turned the tables on him quite cleverly.

"How do you know that I am angry?" she demanded, flinging away three more violets.

"It is plain enough—you wouldn't dance at first—you will not talk—not even look at me."

"I am talking now—I am looking at you," replied she, attempting to do so as she spoke, but the little coquetry which would have been easy enough to a practised woman of the world was a pretty failure, for Milly's voice faltered and her eyes sank shyly beneath his, while her dainty fingers again made sad havoc among the odorous blossoms she held.

"Milly, did Charley Wylde send you that bouquet?" he asked.

"It doesn't make any difference who sent it," returned she; "and I have three more at home."

"What an overflow of wasted adoration that implies," said Thorman smiling; "poor flowers—luckless swains! But really, my dear child, if you don't stop tearing this to pieces so recklessly, you will be obliged to send for one of the three neglected offerings."

"I wish you wouldn't call me child, Mr. Thorman!" exclaimed Milly, rushing at any pretence for anger, like a youthful turkey-cock that insists on considering every color scarlet. "Because you know my aunt so well and see me so often, it is no reason why you should speak to me in that way. I don't like it, and I don't like your manner in general—and—and—well, I am sure you know my family name perfectly."

"I know the other better," he answered, his voice sinking lower; "I ought to! Why, it has been the last word in my mind, like a prayer, during all these cruel weeks of absence—Milly, Milly—such a pretty name!"

Milly's devastating hands paused in their work; the lids fell over the blue eyes, into which a sudden brightness rushed.

"You know what I meant," she said, a little indistinctly.

"Then you'll not let me call you Milly—you'll not be friends—you will send me home with an ache at my heart!"

If Milly had been older, a married woman or a widow, she would have known that worshippers usually soothe their pangs with a quiet little supper on the way home; but Milly had not reached the dismal era when delusions of every kind receive as little faith as the fairy tales we believed in our childhood. Milly felt that she had been very wicked indeed to punish him so severely.

"And you will not be friends?" he repeated.

She turned her head a little more away; he bent so near, trying to look in her face, that the blue flowers in her hair touched his forehead.

"I thought we were very good friends," she said, managing to keep her voice tolerably steady and her tell-tale eyes hidden.

"One is 'very good friends' with the whole world," returned Walter Thorman, in a disappointed, injured tone; "that phrase doesn't mean anything! But to-night you are not even friendly with me; you have scarcely spoken a good-natured word; you wouldn't give me a flower—you refused at first to dance—"

"Was it my fault that you never came till I was engaged over so many sets deep?" broke in Milly, with an incautious haste. "Was it my fault that you never remembered to find me, or that I was here, in talking to—other people?"

"Oh Milly, Milly, how can you say such dreadful things?"

She had said more than she intended, but not in the sense he meant. She was afraid that she had betrayed her vexation and pain—poor little girl! as if it had not been perfectly apparent from the first.

"Any way, I was very wrong to dance with you," she exclaimed eagerly, anxious to do away the effect of her words. "I was engaged to Mr. Wylde. It is shameful to treat people so rudely! You made me do it—you know you did; but I'll go back this minute and say how sorry I am."

Walter Thorman's hand was laid gently on hers, and somehow that light touch detained her as effectually as the strongest fetters could have done.

"You won't go away angry with me, Milly—you won't leave me like this?"

She began to tremble under that thrilling whisper; she forgot Charley Wylde and his wrongs, Leonie Dormer's stormy dark eyes, the ball-room and everything connected with it as completely as if they had all been worlds away, and the music surging up into the dim chamber only sounded like the echo of the melody ringing so loudly in her heart.

Then it was, that under the influence of the delicious moment and the new beauty which her sweet trouble woke in Milly's face, Thorman was hurried on to speak the words which carried her away into a new world—words which came from his heart, and were the utterances of real affection, though it was the affection that a man gives a creature young and childish, finding the sunshine in her eyes a pleasant contrast to the shadows which haunt his older and sterner life.

"You know that I love you, Milly," he said; "you know that you are more than all the world to me! Give me your little heart to keep; bring your brightness into my dull life; be my wife—will you, Milly? O, answer! Don't look away from me, little one—say that you will."

Milly could not speak; her two hands were clasped in his, her eyes drooped under his eager gaze, and poor Charley Wylde's violets rolled away unheeded over the floor just as the frivolous incense of his youthful adoration would now pass forever out of her existence along with the thousand other trifles which had contented her before this bewildering vision came.

"You don't speak; you don't answer, Milly! Surely you know that I love you—I did not know how dearly myself until now. You will not send me away. You cannot dream how lonely and desolate my life is! Say that you will bring your sunshine into it and give it a brightness and warmth that, till I knew you, seemed gone out of it forever."

Certainly he had no need of words; those quivering hands nestled in his own—the absolute glory of those girlish eyes was answer enough; but the man's nature could not be content until he had an open avowal of his triumph.

"Just one word—do you love me?"

She could whisper it then—just the one word that he demanded, faint and low, but fuller of conviction than a whole volume would have been, and Walter Thorman strained her to his heart, exclaiming—

"My own darling; all mine now; my charge, my happiness henceforth. There shall no trouble come near you, Milly; the fairy stories you need to read shall not be brighter than your life—my Milly, my little one, all mine."

Still the same tone of triumph mingling with his real feeling; the thought that he had gained the treasure which should bring the one charm wanting in his existence, a love that would live on his smile, and grow into worship in return for his tenderness. She was all his, to minister to his selfishness, be his plaything, his song-bird, content to nestle peacefully among the outer folds of his heart, and have no conception of the inner depths that remained undisturbed.

"Are you happy, Milly? Are you content? Have you loved me—have you dreamed of this time?"

Still the determination to probe her very soul, and bring out its holiest secrets as an incense at his shrine, and all the while, in spite of his manly sense and worth, so hopelessly unconscious of his own selfishness. He repeated these words again and again; he so forced an answer upon her that out of her bewilderment Milly faltered—

"How could I allow myself to think of such things—how could I tell that you cared for me—do anything but blush at my own unwomanliness in—in thinking of you at all?"

"And you loved me, Milly; don't be afraid of me; surely you can speak openly now—it is your own heart that bears you—yours forever, Milly."

"I seem to have been living in a dream," she answered brokenly. "O, don't make me talk—I will tell you sometime—don't ask me now."

She hid her face in her hands, and with a sudden pity for her confusion he allowed her to be silent, raining kisses upon her forehead, calling her by every endearing name, and providing everything that men rashly do at such times, so completely hidden in that sequestered nook, that it was some time before Milly's recollection came back, and though dizzy still with her great happiness, she could remember they were not alone in some beautiful world such as he had been describing with an extravagance of metaphor that he would have been the first to laugh at if in a novel.

"It must be very late," she said. "Please to let me go away."

"So soon—you wish to leave me already?"

"My aunt will want to go home."

But he could not let her go yet; he must hold her hands just an instant longer, and exult at the happiness in her face.

"You don't know how happy I am, Milly," he said, "how life widens and blossoms under this new content! I did so want to be loved, not as women do who have worn out all their freshness in the world, but wholly, entirely, by a heart that had never stirred at any human voice before."

She paused before him with a gravity which quite took the childishness out of her face, with a purpose and strength that was like a premonition of the womanly soul love would arouse within her, saying in a voice which had lost its tremor, deep and low with the intensity of a nature newly wakened—"I will so love you—I can so love you, and I thank God for it—yes, heartily I thank God."

Perhaps for a brief instant it flashed upon his mind how different a creature this girlish being might become in his hands—flashed upon it and was forgotten, because he he liked best to keep her as she was to be, his sunbeam, his one flower, that never gave out a tithe of its beauty and sweetness to any but him

She would go then, and he showed her out by another door, which admitted them into the hall without passing through the ball-room, but Lesley and Mrs. Dormer were lingering there for a moment, and saw them pass up the stairs, and smiled at each other unseen. Milly found her aunt already in the dressing-room, and was glad to get on her wrappings and go away at once from the magical scene that had been the culmination of all balls past or future where her life was concerned. Thorman placed her in the carriage, and made his way home at once, satisfied that he had done the wisest thing for himself possible, and that this romance, in spite of his thirty-three years, was sweeter and fuller every way than any boyish fancy or passion could ever have been.

"I believe that grave-looking man is getting into mischief," Mrs. Dormer said to her companion, as they returned to the ball-room.

"Very pleasant mischief, I should think," returned he; "that little Crofton is bewitching as a fairy!"

"Just a sweet, undeveloped child! Always the way with men—and when the child turns into a woman in your hands, you are tired because she is like everybody else—and you reproach her and not your own inconsistency."

"Don't say 'you' with such venomous emphasis, for I never do anything of the sort," replied Lesley; "I have not the slightest weakness for children."

"Don't boast of it, for it only proves that you are a grade more hardened and skeptical than your brethren."

"Upon my word," said he, laughing, "you are in a charming mood to-night."

"Indeed I am not, and don't wish to appear so! I feel cross—and if you will have my society, you must endure the ill-humor."

"Luckily I have a great deal of Christian fortitude, and a delightful equanimity of temper. But what a dreadful day you must have had to put you in such a mood."

"Yes; a great deal of my own agreeable society."

"I wish you would give me an opportunity of discovering if a huge dose of it would have the same effect on me."

"Is that another failure in the way of a compliment?"

"No; only the wish of an earnest inquirer into psychological mysteries—"

"Please don't finish," she interrupted; "I have been cross, but I don't deserve such awful punishment as your turning German and transcendental."

"Then tell me what you are going to do to-morrow."

"Nothing; I am never going to do anything more."

"Not even mischief?"

"More attempts at fine comedy points?"

"What has happened to you? Merely your own society, or even a pious lecture from the good old Fanshawe, could not have made you so bitter—you must have had loads of letters to read and answer; there is no other infliction that could leave anybody so horribly savage."

As he spoke the laughing words, the fan which Leonie Dormer held, dropped suddenly from her grasp—and as Lesley picked it up and restored it to her, he saw that her face had grown absolutely colorless, while her lips quivered piteously under the smile with which she received it. One of those strange changes in look and manner which had so often perplexed him during their acquaintance, which sometimes had led him into all sorts of odd speculations, at others made him revile her in his thoughts as a consummate actress who never lost an opportunity of making a point. But he did not venture to ask a question or notice the change; she had so often been angry with him for remarking on her appearance at such occasions that he had learned wisdom.

"I believe your fan is broken," he said.

"Yes," returned she; "I did it on purpose—I was tired of it, and my maid always will make me carry it."

"Poor victim!" said he, mockingly.

She lifted her head with a movement of pride, and her eyes flashed as she answered—

"I shall never be that peaceably, I fancy. I should find a way out as I did now."

She seemed to be answering some thought in her own mind rather than his idle words, and to be made conscious by his look of the exaggeration of her words and manner. She opened the broken fan, and seemed occupied in examining the extent of the injuries it had sustained.

Lesley was vexed that he could not decide whether she would not trust him enough to let him see that she really was troubled, or whether it was all acting.

"Are you beginning to pity it already?" he asked. "They say women do destroy everything that gets into their hands, from fans to hearts, and then are sorry after."

"I never pity anything," returned she, but her voice was sharp in spite of an apparent effort to make it careless. "I am going home. I see my cousin in the distance beckoning in an appealing way. I'll not stay any longer to be amused."

"I shall see you as you come down stairs."

"No; I promised Mr. Baring that he should have the supreme felicity of putting me in the carriage—he is a patient wretch and deserves a little reward for all the lovely flowers he sends me."

Up came rigid but good-natured looking Mrs. Fanshawe, with so great a solemnity of virtue and propriety in her face, that it needed the expression of placidity under it not to make an ill regulated mind hate her outright. Mrs. Dormer passed up stairs in her wake, and Lesley made his way to the dressing-room assigned to the masculine portion of humanity. He was down stairs again and standing on the vestibule step in time to see Mrs. Dormer come out leaning on the arm of the patient Baring, who was radiant in the gas light over his poor tiny bit of happiness.

As the widow seated herself in the carriage, Lesley caught her eye and bowed—she smiled at him—a smile so wan and dreary that it sent him home wondering more than ever at the incomprehensible woman, wondering, too, at the hold which she had gained upon his mind and fancy—even his heart he was inclined to think, as he smoked many final pipes in the solitude of his bachelor lodgings, and recalled the course of their acquaintance from that first sight he caught of her sitting in her opera box with the tired, absent look he had learned to know so well, as if her soul had gone leagues away from the music, the crowd, and in the whole world there was no human being who could find the spell that would bring it back.

When the cousins reached home, Mrs. Fanshawe, with the usual perversity of human nature, was inclined to detain Leonie for a little chat just because the young woman was in a mood to hate the sound of any mortal voice and the sight of any mortal face. Leonie got away from her by pleading extreme fatigue, though that admission led to another annoyance first—Mrs. Fanshawe would pity her.

"You do look quite pale and worn out," she said; "we ought to have come away earlier. Won't you let me give you something? I'm sure you are ill."

"No, no; I only want sleep," Leonie declared, calling up a smile as she hastily bade her cousin good-night, by way of relieving Mrs Fanshawe's anxiety.

But the smile faded as she entered her own room and sank wearily into a chair, leaning her head upon her hand with that long breath of relief which means so much when one is done playing a part, and can afford to sit still and be natural. Gradually the tired look changed into an expression of deep thought as Leonie sat gazing straight before her in an abstracted way, and her face showed plainly that they were anything but pleasant reflections which filled her mind.

It was not the manner in which a person bears a new trouble; it was the weariness and half-defiant way in which one faces a suffering that has grown familiar, and is all the more galling and irksome on that account. At last she drew her writing-desk toward her and unlocked it, but as she flung back the lid a sealed letter lying on the top of the papers met her eye. She gave a quick start and pushed the box from her with a gesture of repulsion as if some living and unutterably loathsome thing had confronted her. "Letters, letters," was her thought, for long ago she had too carefully schooled herself to indulge in the weakness of thinking aloud. "Mark Lesley wanted to know if I had been receiving letters! I can't read—I won't!" She pushed the case aside, rose and began walking up and down the room, flinging her hands about, bruising everything that she touched impatiently away, irritated even by the slight sound her dress made on the carpet, after the fashion of a woman who has a heavy burthen to bear and has never been able to force herself into doing so with any approach to resignation.

She came back to the table at last and took up the letter, regarding the superscription for a moment—addressed to herself in a careless masculine hand—finally tore open the envelope and read the hastily written pages with eyes that revealed many mingled emotions, amid which it was difficult to tell whether anger or fear were uppermost.

Long after, almost up to daylight, Leonie Dormer sat writing her answer to that epistle, pausing often as if she would renounce her task, but always going back to it, never relinquishing it until the whole was written and hidden out of sight. Then the restless march was resumed; rage, fright, absolute despair tugged at her heart as they had so often done before, and the stillness seemed to her excited fancy full of voices that mocked coldly at her pain. Thus she wore the night out, and saw the dawn break chill and dismal, and crept away to her bed, not so much to sleep as to shut out the baneful light which she could almost have prayed never to meet again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR JUDGMENT OF POETRY.—The following, from a recent article in the London *Spectator*, seems worthy of consideration:—

"All our estimates of poets depend on a full capacity for sympathy with their poetical aims and for insight into their poetical world. Directly we catch ourselves ridiculing and depreciating poetry which has made a profound impression on minds clearly broader, or deeper, or even fuller of minor chords than our own, we may be quite sure that for estimating the relative magnitude of *that* poetic star in the firmament, we are utterly incompetent. Of specific faults and deficiencies in a poet whose full power we feel, we may judge. But of the relative worth of poetry which evidently has an infinitely higher attraction for other, and equally impressible, or more impressible, intellects than it has for us, we cannot possibly be respectable judges."

☞ The surrender of Strasbourg was signed September 28 h, by Colonel Leschaki. Four hundred and fifty-one officers and seventeen thousand men laid down their arms.

☞ The English Church pays its twenty-eight bishops an annual salary of $780,500, an average of about $28,000 each, the highest salary being that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which is $75,000 a year.

☞ A description of a dress made in New York is given, which states that it is made of black Lyons velvet, trimmed with corn-colored satin, white Brussels point lace, artificial flowers and ostrich plumes. It cost $1,200. It is exceedingly tasteful, and weighs about ninety pounds. The train is six yards in length, longer than several snakes.

☞ A marriage ceremony was brought to an abrupt termination at Kingston, N. Y., last week, by a sudden awakening of conscience on the part of the bride, who declared that she had a husband still alive.

☞ Many amber ornaments sold for genuine are mere imitations. Beads sold for clouded amber are often but a mixture of gums, which are soft and become dull and dirty on the surface. The same amber is easily shown. Scrape a small portion of the suspected material to powder, and if it dissolves in turpentine, whether hot or cold, it is not amber. Real amber does not scratch readily.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 8, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2 50; Two copies $4 00; Four copies $8 00; Five copies (and one extra) $5.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12 00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it *for two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and *register* the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2 50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $30—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $53. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Leonie's Mystery.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We begin this fine story in the present number.

We design printing an extra edition of this story, sufficient to supply back numbers to all new subscribers.

Still, as the extra edition *may* not hold out, it will be well for all who wish to avail themselves of our liberal offers, to send on their subscriptions as early as possible.

COMPLIMENTARY—OR NOT.

A good anecdote is told by a recent biographer of the celebrated Boston advocate, Rufus Choate—who knew almost as much about law as the proverbial "Philadelphia lawyer." It was a case of embezzlement, and Dixey—one of the guilty parties—was being cross-examined by Mr. Choate, to find out what the exact nature of the agreement between him and a Mr. Pitman was:—

The witness said that Pitman proposed the scheme, and that he objected to it, among other reasons, as dangerous. To which, he said, Pitman made a suggestion intended to satisfy him. Mr. Choate insisted on knowing what that suggestion was. The witness seemed reluctant to give it. Mr. Choate was peremptory, and the scene became interesting. "Well," said Dixey at last, "if you must know, he said that if any trouble came of it we could have Rufus Choate to defend us, and he would get us off if we were caught with the money in our boots." It was several minutes before the Court could go on with the business such was the burst of laughter. For a few moments Mr. Choate seemed uncertain how to take it. He did not relish the nature of the compliment, and yet it was a striking tribute to his fame that two men, at the antipodes, should concoct a great fraud relying upon his genius to save them.

The above reminds us of a story told by a friend of ours—of how a lawyer of this city burst into his room one day, exclaiming proudly, "I have gained my case in spite of the law and the evidence!"

And this reminds us of what Peter the Great said when in England, after listening awhile to the lawyers in Westminster Hall: "I have only got one lawyer in Russia, and when I reach home I intend to hang him."

PIPE CLAY.—The last reason given for the success of the Prussians over the French, is the great amount of "Pipe Clay"—strict discipline, severe subordination, &c.—in the former, while the French are "Democratic" to the extent of looseness in their discipline, and in the relations between superiors and inferiors. This will do to put against the superior Prussian education theory, which probably is all bosh. Our own opinion still inclines to the view that superior numbers have decided the contest thus far—superiority alike in the whole, and at the vital points. *If* the French army had been 240,000 at Sedan, and the Prussians only 120,000, we believe the French would have been the victors.

AN UNDENIABLE WOMAN'S RIGHT.—Women have their rights, of which no man should seek to deprive them. Thus a gentleman in Wisconsin writes to us as follows:—

"I had thought of not renewing my subscription to THE POST—but my wife says she will not be without it."

A sensible woman—one who knows her right to have a good literary paper for the weekly reading of herself and children. How often is it that the husband will take several political papers, in which his wife and children have no interest, and yet decline to take any paper for them. He had better save the money out of their clothing or table expenses, or even school bills—to say nothing of his own whiskey and tobacco. The amount of general information and wise counsel given in the columns of a good paper is greater than can be got for the money in any other way. Teachers of schools always can see the difference between those children who read the papers and those who do not—the former are wide-awake, and well posted upon a number of subjects of which the latter are entirely ignorant.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—We are glad to learn that the University is about erecting a new and handsome building in West Philadelphia. We have only one hint to give the architect—and that is, to provide for sufficient ventilation. We have heard that the present building is simply abominable in the respect of foul air in its class-rooms. And just think of an institution which professes to be an University—a teacher of Universal knowledge—and yet does not know enough to ventilate its rooms.

An unventilated University! That is an appropriate type of three-fourths of our present system of Education! Professors of Greek literature—poring over Greek all their lives, without being able to acquire the first breath of the Greek spirit, the first idea of the Greek mode of thought and action. Professors of Medicine—who apparently have not the least conception of the importance of pure air to those who would think deeply and truly, or live healthily! It is all of a piece—words, words, words, and drugs, drugs, drugs.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER.—Our neighbors of *The Ledger* have increased the size of that popular daily paper, to meet, we suppose, the pressure upon its advertising and news columns. *The Ledger* is an excellent paper, for its news department is both reliable and condensed, the wheat being sifted from the chaff by the editors, and the readers thus saved an often tiresome duty. Its editorials also are sound, instructive and ably written. May its circulation continue to increase, and its shadow never be less.

COMPLIMENTARY.—A letter just received from W. T. W., of Williamsburg, Ohio, says:—

"I take a great many of the prominent literary papers of the day, but I consider 'THE POST' far superior to any of them in every respect. Indeed the elegant and chaste reading matter with which it is filled, cannot be compared with the trashy and 'dime novel' style of literature which is found in so many so-called literary papers."

A WORD OF ADVICE TO EXCITABLE PEOPLE.—If you fail to get a paper or picture that you are entitled to, owing to an oversight of our clerks, carelessness in the post office, &c., do not get excited about it, but sit down and write to us relative to the matter. It is not likely that a paper that has been established for nearly fifty years, and maintained a reputation for honesty all that time, would begin at this late day to swindle the public.

TOO MUCH GAB.—A correspondent of the daily *Press* says:—

It is not "lack of education" which prevents France from establishing a stable and free government, but rather a superfluity of theories engendered by *three thousand* writers existing in Paris alone, of whom the vast majority have become unfit to live in the present social organization of Europe or America, and consequently are about upturning it, and will probably succeed before the end of *this* century—at least for their France.

Perhaps there is something in that.

RUBBER GOODS.—A correspondent wishes us to publish a *good* receipt for mending rubber goods. We know of no *good* one. We have people in this city who profess to mend rubber shoes, for instance, but the mending generally does not amount to much. If any of our readers has a good receipt of the kind we should be pleased to publish it.

☞ The Springfield Republican says that about half the $2,000 needed for the support of the three scientific men who propose to spend the coming winter on the summit of Mount Washington, N. H., has already been raised, and the remainder will doubtless be soon obtained. They expect to be snowed in at Tip Top House from December till March, but will maintain daily communication with the lower world by telegraph. The room which they intend to occupy is to be lined with felt, and they expect to use twenty tons of coal during the winter.

☞ The total captures by the Prussians since the war began are as follows:—One marshal, 39 generals, 3,359 officers, 106,950 privates, 10,280 horses, at least 56 eagles, 102 mitrailleuse, 887 field and fortress guns, over 400 wagons and trains, several pontoon trains, magazines, railway trains, with an incalculable quantity of supplies in arms, ammunition, clothing, equipments, forage and provisions.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE REIGN OF LAW. By the Duke of Argyll. First American from the fifth London edition. Published by De Witt C. Lent & Co., 451 Broome street, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. We have read with a good deal of interest several of these articles. The Duke disagrees in many things with the cold, repulsive doctrines of the "Positivists;" and shows, in a clear and able manner, how religion and science are, and should be, in harmony with each other.

THE STORY OF A WORKING MAN'S LIFE: With Sketches of Travel in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, as related by himself. By FRANCIS MASON D D. With an Introduction by William R. Williams, D.D. Published by Oakley, Mason & Co., 21 Murray street, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE PROVERB SERIES. By KATE J. NEELY. Consisting of three beautifully bound story books. "One Good Turn Deserves Another," "Actions Speak Louder Than Words," "A Wrong Confessed is Half Redressed." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philada.

THE BOYS OF GRAND PRE SCHOOL. By the author of "The B. O. W. C." "The Dodge Club," etc. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by E. H Butler & Co., Philada. This is one of the kind of books that boys delight in. Secret bar quets in the mysterious camp of the B. O. W. C., wrestling matches, in which the tall and handsome hero comes off victorious, having pitched his enemy into the dirty pool of water, and quantities of other adventurous doings, that stir the blood of Young America. The pictures are very good, the one entitled "Getting the Donkey up Stairs" being particularly exciting. The author of the "B. O. W. C." is rising to well deserved popularity; his books have nothing hurtful in them; and the overflowing mischief of these schoolboys is very promotive of laughter.

CHARLEY AND EVA ROBERTS' HOME IN THE WEST. By the author of "How Charley Roberts Became a Man," &c. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philada.

THE LITTLE MAID OF OXBOW. By MAY MANNERING, author of "Climbing the Rope," "Billy Grimes' Favorite," etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philada.

THE PINKS AND BLUES; OR, THE ORPHAN ASYLUM. By ROSA ABBOTT, author of "Jack of all Trades," "Alexis, the Runaway," etc. Illustrated. Published by Lee and Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by E. Butler & Co., Philada.

Very Sad.

Four gentlemen have recently returned from Canada, having encountered a terrible ordeal of fire and smoke in that vast district which has been laid in ruins by the late conflagration. They themselves barely escaped with their lives, and were the witnesses of many sad spectacles of desolation and death. They relate a touching incident concerning a family whose house was attacked by the fire in the night, and who hurriedly escaped through the blinding smoke—all except *one*. There were five children, the eldest being sixteen and the youngest three. Three times the father rushed into the burning house, each time rescuing a child. The mother was almost insensible from fright, and he had to drag her out by main force. A little one, seven years old, the pet of the family, stood and said: "Take Janie and Mollie, (the two younger ones,) first, papa!" and waited patiently until her turn. By some means, in the confusion of the hour, he thought she had been rescued, until her voice, now in tones of alarm, cried out, "Oh! papa, take *me*, take *me*, too! Come, papa—come, papa!" The father dashed toward the house, which was now tottering in the flames—but was too late! He had hardly placed his foot upon the stairs when the roof fell in, and the entire structure came crashing down. "Ah!" he exclaimed, in relating the sad story, "I would have gone in and died with her, but I remembered the others. But I'll never forgive myself, never, never!"

Bismarck's Calculations.

One of the sharp Parisian journalists, investigating the cause of the war, attributes it to the *plebiscite*. Count Bismarck, he says, carefully watched all that was done in Paris early in the year. "Of the army," he said, "385 657 soldiers voted *Yes*, and 46 210 voted *No*—total, 831,877. This," he argued, "is the full amount that Napoleon can bring into the field at a short notice." Therefore, Moltke taking the same view, preparations for accepting the expected challenge from the Emperor were quietly but earnestly made in Germany, and when the challenge came a German army marched into France, instead of a French army invading Germany. It appears that, as Bismarck had counted, Napoleon had only 350,000 soldiers ready for action.

REPORTED FRENCH VICTORIES.—Telegrams under date of September 30th, bring advices of alleged French successes in forcing back the Prussians around Paris. One account (unofficial) says that the Crown Prince was finally compelled to order a retreat upon Bougival, abandoning Versailles to the victorious French. The Germans lost 5,000 prisoners, among whom are many officers of the staff of the Crown Prince of Prussia, and fifty cannon and mitrailleuses. A number of regiments of Baden troops mutinied on the battle field, and refused to go under fire.

☞ The rain-fall of Sept 29 was a flood in Virginia. The water is said to have been 28 feet higher at Lynchburg than ever before. We should like to have had about a fourth of it in Eastern Pennsylvania.

☞ A lady at Green Bay, Wis., recently gave a baby party at her house. Sixty baby carriages were ranged side by side in the yard at one time. When the nurses were ready to move there was such a sameness in the conveyances that they could not tell one from the other.

☞ BE TRUE TO YOURSELF.—If a man will only start with a fixed and honorable purpose in life, and steadily and persistently attempt to carry it out to the best of his ability, undismayed by failure or delay, the time may be long in coming, but come it will, when that purpose will be achieved.

☞ We shall have no more trouble from the Chinese. They have taken to using kerosene lamps.

☞ In a new collection of American poems, edited by Mr. Stredtmann, a critic in good repute in Germany, are six by Mr. John A. Dorgan, of Philadelphia, who died three years ago. We do not know whether they are printed in English or translated into German. Mr. Dorgan's friends ought to issue a new and enlarged edition of his poems.

☞ A contemporary says that to prevent having a red nose in winter, a good remedy is to bathe the face in ice water before going out, and to keep the mouth shut for five minutes after going into the open air.

☞ If as many people gave money as advice, the poverty of the world would be extinguished.

☞ A hog entered a grocery store in Brunswick, Missouri, recently, when a dog attacked him, bit off his tail, then seized the hog by the ear and led it shrieking back to its quarters in the rear. The dog then returned to the store, picked up the tail and carried it out to the hog.

THE MODERN JOB.—A DRAMATIC POEM. By Henry Peterson. 134 pages. Price $1.25.

A POEM of remarkable force, possessing many elements of beauty, and sharp-cut in its delineations of character. Its story is simple, and suggested by the history of the Man of Uz. Job Goodman, a Pennsylvania farmer, Miriam, his daughter, and Judas, are its chief personages. Judas is its misanthrope, who believes in no good and scoffs at the religion of the Rev. Messieurs Paul Prater and Calvin Heifler. Job Goodman is a happy man, but happiest in his daughter Miriam, whose life he owed on one occasion to the strong arm of Judas, the dwarf. Judas believes neither in good nor in gratitude, but around his heart Miriam has wound herself until it has softened to status her at least. She dies, and Job Goodman is afflicted only as his prototype of Uz has been troubled before him. To him mourning, come comforters, the parsons Paul Prater and Calvin Heifler. They tell him that his torments are the punishments of his sins. He answers them with simple faith, but effectively. In his sleep he sees a vision or has a dream. Satan, Michael, and Job are the interlocutors of a dialogue in which Providence is amply vindicated. Job is restored to health and eventually to happiness, and before his death he has softened the heart of Judas to believe with him in the God of Miriam. The poem will be read with pleasure, except by types of the Paul Prater and Calvin Heifler school.—*New York World.*

A GENUINELY modern poem in that it is written by one who appreciates this spirit of the age. It is characteristically a religious—we might almost say that it is a theological—poem. It follows, in the outline of the story, curiously close to its Hebrew original. * * As a work of poetic art, it is a remarkable book. The characters of Job and Judas are strongly marked, and the devil is, if the reader will excuse the expression, an admirable devil.—*Harpers' Magazine.*

WHATEVER else the author of "The Modern Job" may be there can be no doubt that he is a thinker—a bold, strong, courageous thinker—who is not afraid to confront some of the deepest and highest problems that challenge the intellect of man, and who is yet no vulgar rebel, impatient of all restraint merely because it is restraint, and proud of his own infidelity. That his book will awaken fierce opposition in many, and even frighten some, is more than probable; but he has at least proved himself to be an earnest, devout, and reverential seeker after truth. * * That Mr. Peterson has succeeded in touching our convictions so closely, and inspiring us with an interest in his characters, shows that he has genuine dramatic talent; and though his work is too "impact with thought" to leave much room for poetry, there are some very powerful passages. The whole of it, moreover, with a few exceptions here and there, is written at a sustained elevation of thought commensurate with the dignity of the theme. * * The figure of Job himself is grand, patriarchal, and dignified, not unworthy of his immortal prototype; and the Dwarf is a striking and strong characterization. Mr. Peterson's conception of an immortality in which angels and men work forever in the line of their nature toward something higher and better, is a far grander and nobler one than the vague beatitudes which haunt the dreams of enthusiasts. As for the principles of toleration which he maintains, we wish that they were preached every Sabbath from every pulpit in the land.—*The Eclectic Magazine.*

IT is certainly a remarkable production, and one likely to attract considerable attention. There is more originality and independence of thought about it than one usually finds in a new book now-a-days. It grapples the most intricate problems of both speculative and practical religion, with a boldness which certain persons may characterize as audacity, if they should use no harsher term, and displays a spirit of free inquiry which may shock some sensitive minds, but which appears to us to be governed by a profound feeling of respect and veneration for divine truth. Mr. Peterson has evidently given much earnest thought to the solution of these problems, and the results of his reflections have been embodied in the striking and vigorous poem before us. Without giving our assent to all the views it advances, we can yet recommend it to the thoughtful and dispassionate, we will not say unprejudiced, reader, who will find it neither unprofitable nor uninteresting.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

THIS is a poem of more than ordinary excellence. It is carefully written, and its sentiments are of the best, while its religious truths are plainly put.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

THE story is slight and is evidently employed only as a vehicle to carry the author's thoughts on one of the grandest problems of human thought. The expression is not so sharp as it might have been, but is substantially orthodox. The poem is in blank verse, and Mill ends in its attempt to discuss "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," and their allied problems, is highly creditable to the author's powers of imagination, argument, and description, and bears patent proof of much patient labor.—*North American.*

A REMARKABLE poem. Remarkable in more than one sense—in its composition, in its theology, in its philosophy, in its mysticism, and in the impenetrable veil which covers all. Many things in it we do not comprehend—but that may be our misfortune, not the writer's fault; and many things we do understand are unfamiliar to our mode of thinking. Not exactly clashing, but requiring analyzation and arranging before the mind is ready to receive or reject. Nevertheless, it is a production of deep thought running in a new channel; and although it may not meet current opinion, it will furnish food for reflection.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

WE have derived a great deal of pleasure from a perusal of this book. The story is interesting, suggestive, and instructive; but it is the philosophy of the work that makes the strongest impression; this is sound, scholarly, broad, humane, and just. So regarded, the book possesses great value, and must become popular. It is well written—the style is simple, but impressive, and every page conveys its lesson *. * * But no fifty or one hundred lines can give a just idea of a work of one hundred and twenty-four pages, every sentence of which is courageous and strong. Get the book and study its statesman-like and hopeful philosophy.—*Philada. City Item.*

A POEM which deserves more than a mere mention. It is a strong and bold conception, treating some of the deepest social and moral problems in a manner as original as it is wise and clear. It contains, moreover, passages of great beauty and pathos.—*Boston True Flag.*

THE moral is that suffering, sorrow evil are spiritual ministers; that wisdom, simplicity, humbleness and humanity are the only goods worth praying for or possessing.—*Liberal Christian.*

A POEM, the purpose of which is to refute certain bad methods of theological thought. It is a poem of great smoothness of versification, of very considerable intelligence and purity of thought, although not an extraordinary work, considering it comes from an obscure source.—*The (New York) Independent.*

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H. PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

☞ London contains more people than Scotland, has treble the foreign trade of Spain, and contributes more revenue than Ireland.

☞ *Aunty*—"No, Lily, dear, little girls must not ask; they must wait until things are offered them." *Lily*—"Well, but if I'm not to ask, and you not to ask me, I shan't get anything."

☞ The cultivation of bananas is gradually spreading in this country, and a Savannah man has a fine grove of seventy trees in that city.

☞ The reputation of a man is like his shadow; it sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him; it is sometimes longer and sometimes shorter than his natural size.

☞ Colorado has a community of "Humanitarian Pioneers," one of whose laws prohibits celibacy above the age of twenty-five in a man and above the age of twenty-one in women, "as outrageous to human dignity and welfare."

☞ A Michigan editor announces that Mrs. Goodnoe, who recently eloped from her husband in that State, has just returned, and at last accounts was quietly resting herself after her fatiguing journey, and her husband was getting breakfast for her.

☞ A newly-discovered Chinese poem, "Li Sao," written three hundred years before Christ, is said to prove that the existence of America was known to the Chinese at that time.

☞ THE FOURTH OF MARCH.—How many of our readers know why our Presidents are inaugurated on the 4th of March? The reason is thus concisely stated in Campbell's "School History of the United States." Congress appointed the first Wednesday, January, 1789, for the people to choose electors, the first Wednesday in February for those electors to choose a President, and the first Wednesday in March for the Government to go into operation. The last-named day fell on the 4th. Hence the 4th of March following the election of a President is the day appointed for his inauguration.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—9000 at $5@5,50 for superfine, $5,50@6 for extra, $6@6,87½ for North-West family, $6,50@7 for Pennsylvania family, and $7,25@8,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. 400 bbls of Rye Flour sold at $5,50.

GRAIN—Wheat—70,000 bus sold at $1,36@1,40 for Indiana red; $1,25@1,30 for Delaware and Maryland red; $1,34@1,37 for Pennsylvania red; $1,40@1,47 for Western amber, $1,49@1,53 for Western white. Rye—4000 bus sold. In lots, at 88@90c ₩ bus for Pennsylvania and Western. Corn—50,000 bus sold at $1@1,03 for Pennsylvania and Western yellow, and 95c@$1 ₩ bus for Western mixed. Oats—60,000 bus sold at 58@59c for white; 50@53 for mixed, and 48@50c ₩ bus for black.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $26, clear at $20, and extra prime at $24. Mess Beef is steady at $20,50@22 for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $27@28. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 20@22c; Excelsior hams at 22c; sides at 17@18½c, and shoulders at 14½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 18@19c; sides at 14c, and shoulders, in salt, at 10c Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs at 15½@16c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 13@17c; Penna stone packed at 20@24c, and Bradford county at 35@40c. Eggs—Sales at 28@30c. Cheese sells at 14@14½c ₩ lb.

COTTON—300 bales of middlings sold at 16½@18c ₩ lb for upland and 17½@18½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of No. 1 Quercitron $37 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark at $16@22 for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 5½@6c ₩ lb. Green Apples at $1@3,50 50 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Best Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,20@1,25; mixed do, $1,05@1,10; Straw, $1,15@1,20.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 100 tons of No. 1 at $32. We quote No. 2 at $30@31. Bar iron sells at $82,50@85 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $23@24,50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—100 bus sold at $6,75. Timothy—Sales of 300 bus at $4,50@5,50. Flaxseed $2,25.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3440 head. The prices realized from 9½@9¾ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $60 to 80 ₩ head. Sheep—13,000 head were disposed of at from 5@5½c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $12,00 to 12,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, which has been in use ten years constantly. It does every variety of work with ease and facility. It has not cost me one cent for repairs. I consider it the best machine in use."—*Thos. E. Easton, Lexington, Ky.*

After giving Doty's Clothes Washer and the Universal Wringer a fair trial, we are prepared to say that they are truly indispensable in any family.—*Indianapolis (Ind.) Housewife.*

The Great Enigma.

A thousand guesses have been made at the ingredients of SOZODONT, the most wholesome and perfect dental purifier the world has ever seen. They were all wrong, so, by way of throwing a little light on the subject, it is now announced that the liber, or inner bark of the Quillaya Saponaria, the Soap tree of the Valley of the Andes, is one of the components of that peerless dentrifice.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," useful and true.

Diet for the Million.

Wealth no more monopolizes the luxuries of life. Persons in the most moderate circumstances can have a delicious dessert daily for a sum so trifling that it is scarcely worth naming. They can take their choice of fifty delicate dishes (each one of which the most fastidious epicure would smack his lips over,) at a cost which, in these dear times, may well be called nominal. Custards, creams, blanc mange, Charlotte Russe, puddings, pies, cakes and jellies are included in this cheap and varied bill of fare.

"But," says the skeptical reader, shrugging his shoulders incredulously, "this is not an age of miracles; give me facts, not assertions." This *is* an age of miracles—miracles of science; and SEA MOSS FARINE, the new article that produces these *bonnes bouches*, is one of its wonders. The Sea Moss Farine Co., 53 Park Place, New York, is manufacturing this incomparable edible from Carragheen or Irish Moss, under a patent procured last summer, and its popularity is already so great that the extensive mills of the association, although running night and day, can scarcely keep pace with the prodigious demands.

People with Thin Heads of Hair

Should use "*London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing*," to make it grow thick and strong. It will restore gray hair to its natural color and as a dressing is absolute perfection. Clear and nicely perfumed. Sells nothing. Price 75 cents. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth st., Philadelphia, and all dealers. augt7-cowtf

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co. sept-1y

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try It. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York. oct1-tf

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES.

SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

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A Torpid System.

Sometimes, without any assignable cause, the physical strength and animal spirits give way, and a strange torpor falls alike on the body and intellect. There is little or no pain perhaps, but the natural vigor and elasticity of the nervous and muscular system seems to have departed, and an indifference to the pleasures of life, and even of its grave responsibilities, takes the place of that earnest interest in both which characterizes every well-balanced mind when in a healthy condition. This state of partial collapse is often the premonitory symptoms of some serious malady. It indicates unmistakably that the vital powers are languishing and need a stimulant. In such cases the effect of a few doses of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is wonderfully beneficial. The great tonic wakes up the system from its drowse. The secretions and the circulation receive a new impetus. The relaxed nerves recover their elasticity under the operations of the specific, like the slackened strength of a musical instrument in the process of tuning.—Lethargy and debility are replaced by energy and vigor, the spirits rise, and life that almost seemed a burden while the season of depression lasted, becomes once more enjoyable. That such a radical change should be produced by a remedy entirely devoid of the powerful alkaloids and minerals so extensively used in modern practice, may seem incredible to those who pin their faith on the medicinal efficacy of active poisons, but if these skeptics will take the trouble to inquire of those who have tested the corrective and alterative virtues of the Bitters under the circumstances described, they will find the statement to be true. oct1-3t

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

YOUNG LADIES wishing to become Theoretical and Practical Musicians and teachers in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, upon the Piano, Harp, Organ, Guitar and desiring further information Or Music will please apply for New circular to the Principal of Music Vale Seminary, Music Vale London Co., Conn.

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jj2-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of Sept., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. DANIEL SMITH formerly of New York city, to Miss EMMA SELLICK, daughter of Crosby Sellick, Esq., of this city.

On the 22d of Sept., by the Rev. Mann, Mr. HARVEY W. BENSON to Miss MARY KURTZ, both of this city.

On the 23d of Sept., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, JOSEPH G. FOCE to Miss LOUISA HANKELL, both of this city.

On the 25th of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. DAVID E. PAINTER to Miss CHARLOTTE REAP, both of this city.

On the 20th of July, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. MONTREAL GUEST to Miss KATE D. BREELING, both of this city.

On the 15th of Feb., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. ELMER G. WINTER to Miss KATE O'NEILL, daughter of Henry O'Neill, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th of Sept., at West Milton, Ohio, HENRIETTA R., wife of Philip Harper, aged 21 years and 6 days.

On the 25th of Sept., DANIEL J. L. JONES, in his 22d year.

On the 20th of Sept., ALEXANDER GREEN, Sr., aged 68 years.

On the 25th of Sept., Mr. CHARLES H. COOPER, in his 38th year.

On the 26th of Sept., WILLIAM B. HARVEY, in his 60th year.

On the 25th of Sept., MARY ROBERTS, in her 86th year.

On the 24th of Sept., THOMAS THOMPSON, in his 43d year.

On the 21th of Sept., JOHN BELL, son of Matthew and Eliza Patton, in his 20th year.

On the 23d of Sept., Mrs. MARGARET WOODWARD, in her 79th year.

On the 23d of Sept., Rev. ISAAC CHILDS, in his 76d year.

TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

As follows: We begin an admirable Novelet called

LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

in the present paper—that of October 8th—and we shall commence the subscriptions of all

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

for 1871, with this date, until the large extra edition of the papers containing the early chapters of the story shall be exhausted. This will be

THIRTEEN PAPERS,

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

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When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all **NEW** subscribers for 1871 will be entered on our list the very week they are received.

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We EXPECT to have enough extra papers to supply all comers—but it will be most prudent not to delay in sending on subscriptions.

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One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) $2 50.	
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One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4 00

Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—**And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling, to speak a good word for us to their friends.**

Our **NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING** for next year is a beautiful plate called "**The Sisters.**" It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, **G. F. Doo**—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, **Sir Thomas Lawrence.** It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect GEM OF ART.

THIS beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!*

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of four or more NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.

TWO MONTHS FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of November, shall receive the November and December numbers of the present year in addition—making 14 months in all! And those sending their names by the first of December, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making *thirteen months in all!*

Incident on the Mississippi.

A clever writer in the Michigan Freemason gives the following graphic sketch of an incident occurring during a Masonic excursion on the Mississippi, which cool and chivalrous Knight Templarship alone saved from proving fatally disastrous:—

It was a magnificent sight to see our immense boat accompanied by the Lady Gay and the Belle of Alton, their decks crowned with fair ladies and Knights Templar, bands of music, distinguished citizens, and invited guests, as they steamed up the Mississippi, then down to Jefferson Barracks, where we all went on shore to spend a pleasant hour, after which we again went on board and steamed merrily up the river.

I was standing near the captain. The commander of the Templars came and leaned wearily on the capstan. I turned to Reuben Milton, and whispered in his ear these words: "That man was born to command." He had the form of a Hercules, the head of an Apollo, and the eye of an eagle, and, as circumstances afterwards demonstrated, the heart of a lion. Although not so very large, he appeared larger than he really was; he was full and athletic, and still every proportion was a symmetry, and every movement a grace.

While he was still leaning silently on the capstan, and while I was yet analysing his fine countenance, the captain of the steamer, with pale lips and blanched cheeks, approached the young Templar, and, in a low tone and trembling voice, said:

"Great God! sir, we are sinking. We are snagged, sir, in the bottom, and nothing can save us."

"How long can you keep her afloat?" carelessly inquired the young Templar.

"She may go down in five minutes; she cannot keep afloat more than fifteen," replied the captain.

"Do not make your situation known to any one except your crew, or we will have a panic, and then all will be lost. Signal the Lady Gay to lean to; none will notice or understand the signal of distress. Get your crew and hands ready to move, I will manage the rest."

"Blow, Warder, blow," said the young Templar, speaking to his ensign, who stood near him, at the same time leaping upon the capstan. Every one was startled by a shrill blast from the Warder's trumpet. A hundred Templars' swords leaped from their scabbards at the blast.

"Attention, Sir Knights," shouted the young commander. "The next ceremony in the programme is for the Sir Knights, ladies and gentlemen, on this boat to make a visit to our friends on board the Lady Gay. As the steamers are rapidly approaching each other, and cannot be kept but a minute or two together, the movement must be a rapid one. You will form procession at once, and as the boats come together, pass over the gangway under an arch of steel, to the lower deck of the Lady Gay. Forward, Sir Knights, to the gangway. Music in front. The band will play 'The Knights Templar Quickstep.'"

In obedience to these orders, the Knights formed a double line to the gangway, facing round, with swords crossed above the heads of those forming the procession. In less than eight minutes the whole precious cargo of human life had passed from the Mississippi to the Lady Gay, even to the colored cook, except the two files of Templars, when the young commander ordered: "From the rear, right and left inward wheel, march;" and filing inward, the Templars rapidly passed over the gangway to the Lady Gay, the young commander being the last to leave. One minute more and the Mississippi steamer sank to the bottom.

Anecdotes.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.—Talking with a friend a few days since, while fishing at Pelham Bridge, we were told the following anecdote, hitherto unpublished, in connection with the late Archbishop Hughes:—He had been overworked, and for recuperation had gone to Long Branch. There he found two or three gentlemen with whom he was on terms of personal intimacy, who saw that what the bishop required was quiet, pleasant diversion. They therefore proposed a row out to the "fishing-banks," and a day's fishing. Next morning, having secured the services of the leading fisherman at the Branch, they were rowed out. The morning being somewhat foggy, the bishop enveloped himself in a cloak. Just as they were coming to the right place for anchoring the boatman saw bearing down for the same spot a steamboat, which so annoyed him that he commenced to swear quite freely. One of the gentlemen quietly nudged him, and glanced at the bishop. But the fisherman "didn't take," and "ripped out" again awfully. "Sh!—sh!" quietly whispered the gentleman, giving him another nudge, and a significant and deprecatory glance at the bishop, whereat the old fellow paused, and, leaning over, asked, in a whisper, '*Is the old man pious?*" The answer was a nod, and he ceased. The bishop would occasionally, with great point, narrate this little incident.

CALL ON THE MERSHEEN.—The members of a church in one of the very rural towns of Illinois recently procured a small cottage organ to aid the vocal services. This was quite acceptable to most of the congregation; but one good brother was opposed to it. On the Sunday evening following its introduction he was called on, as usual, to close the meeting with prayer. Raising his head, he replied, "Call on the *mersheen;* if the *mersheen* can pray. Call on the mersheen."

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.—A bright young lady of Indiana, on hearing of the approaching marriage of a friend, sat down and dashed off the following, to "run her mind of the consciousness of neglected duty:—"My dear:—I hear you and —— will soon be joined by the holy bonds of matrimony, and ere you have quite passed into his hands I wish to give you a few words of advice. Be kind to him, for he is one that must be treated tenderly, or fade away. Love him much, for he is worthy of all trust, honor, and love. And when you stand to be united, be ever ready with your own strong arm; in the excitement of the scene he may exhaust his sensitive nature, and, unless you lend him your aid, he may faint away. Treat him carefully. Make the fires for him. Saw his wood for him. Work for him. Walk for him. Kill yourself for him. Then, if on your death-bed he thanks you, humbly accept his thanks, and depart in peace!"

TIGHT.—Recently, in one of the schools taught by a young lady, a colored brother whispered to his teacher, and said:—"Miss, wont you please give me a Bible lesson; for they call on me to preach sometimes, *and I'm mighty tight upon the words.*'—*Harper's Magazine.*

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Let Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,
How well to rise while nights and larks are flying,—
For my part, getting up seems not so easy
By half as *lying.*

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out,—
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?
I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such-like hums,
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime,—
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
A bed of *time.*

To me Dan Phœbus and his cars are nought,
His steeds that paw impatiently about,—
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
The first turn-out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear,
Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl;
What then,—if I prefer my pillow-beer
To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
And grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
Wherefore should master rise before the hens
Have laid their eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start
To see faint flushes in the east awaken?
A fig, gay I, for any streaky part,
Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn—"
Well,—he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps, that earn betimes their bit and sup;
But I'm no climbing-boy, and need not be
All up,—all up!

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon;—
A man that's found precociously of stirring,
Must be a spoon.

MISS CARYL'S CHOICE.

Sunset in the tropics! A great ball of refulgent fire sinking down the western sky, and without a single cloud out of which to make a bank of violet or pyramid of gold, plunging into the broad expanse of sapphire ocean; heavy, fan-like foliage stirring with the fragrant breath of the newly risen land breeze, a chorus of insect voices breaking into rejoicing, feathery palms waving their plumy crests, bananas raising their drooping boughs, cactuses rustling their broad leaves, royal flowers, for which botany has no name, flinging out their perfume like myriad censers, and the transparent veil of tropical gloaming falling like enchantment over the earth, that had seemed to pant under the fierce kisses of the Day-God a little while before, and the ocean that had lain in one unbroken sheen like a great glittering mirror. Earth, air and ocean seemed to say, "we breathe again!" And so, in less beautiful, but more intelligible language, said a party of ladies and gentlemen, who had left the dining-room behind them and assembled on a lawn that swept before one of the most charming residences on the outskirts of Kingston, in the Island of Jamaica. Against the feathery foliage of vivid green which surrounded them, their white clad figures showed with admirable effect; and as they sipped their after dinner coffee, with a soft dash of surf in their ears, with an air full of aromatic odors breathing over them, with a chain of blue, misty hills stretching away on one side, and the magnificent harbor of Port Royal on the other, with the glory of tropical nature around, and the divine opalescent sea outspread before, one might naturally have expected that their words would reflect, at least in a measure, the beauty of the scene, and the voluptuous charm of the hour. Instead of this, their conversation had strayed far from the serene loveliness of Nature into the barren field of social ethics. They were talking of women and love—two subjects which mostly go together in the minds of the majority of mankind—and one of their number had advanced a theory of his own relative to the matter.

"It is my decided opinion," said this gentleman—who, it was plain to see, owned a decided opinion on every point where an opinion of any sort was practicable—"that a woman's love, and by love, of course, I mean a *grande passion*, can stand any test in the world, excepting the test of ridicule. Reason has no effect on it; expediency preaches in vain; ill-treatment, scorn, neglect, it is proof against. But if ridicule once touches it, all is at an end. It never survives the first blast of that."

"Do you speak from personal knowledge, Mr. Fleming?" asked one of the ladies of the group. "Have you ever known an instance where a woman's love died from the effect of ridicule?"

"I have known countless instances, my dear Mrs. Denham," replied Mr. Fleming. "In fact, I may safely say that I never knew an instance where it failed to do so."

"A flirtation, or a mere fancy, perhaps, but surely not a strong, earnest case of real love?"

Mr. Fleming shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear madam, I would not pretend to recognize 'a strong, earnest case of real love,' if I saw it. It would be something out of my line, and quite beyond me, I am confident. But I have seen people as passionate and full of ardor as Juliet, and I can assure you that *their* love died ignominiously the first moment that ridicule touched its object. If I were hopelessly enamored of a woman," pursued the gentleman, extending his hand with the action of an orator, and addressing the company in general, "and if this woman were so foolishly blind as to prefer some other man to me, do you think I would waste time in challenging or poisoning or painting him black as the devil? No—I would move heaven and earth to place him in a ridiculous position, and I would then rest content, perfectly sure that in her mind disgust had forever taken the place of love toward him."

"I think you are mistaken," said one or two of the gentlemen, while the ladies remained eagerly silent.

"Mistaken!" cried Mr. Fleming with some heat, the heat of a man unreasonably contradicted. "You better tell me I'm not sitting here, and you all are not sitting round me. Mistaken! If there be one thing more than another on which I pique myself, it is my cognomma'e knowledge of feminine nature. You might as well try to teach Napoleon state-craft, as to dispute my ability to judge on this subject. I tell you"—and here an outspread hand came down with some force on the speaker's knee—"hero-worship is the essence of woman's love. She can't love a man, forsooth, she must needs love a demigod; and since demigods don't walk the earth these days, she is compelled to manufacture one of her own worship. Now, you can imagine a demigod unfortunate, or persecuted, or maligned—you can even imagine him a rascal without much difficulty—but you *can't* imagine him ridiculous. Make him ridiculous, therefore, and down he tumbles from his pedestal."

"There's a good deal in that," said one languid, sallow-complexioned young gentleman, in a reflective tone. "I—well, really, I begin to think you are right, Fleming."

"I know I am right," said Fleming, with the calm superiority of a man who feels his position to be unassailable. "If anybody doubts it—"

"I doubt it," said another gentleman—a tall, handsome man, of English aspect. "It sounds very well, but it is all nonsense, especially the demigod part. I don't believe there is one woman in a thousand who builds up such a fancy as that. The most of them fall in love with a man, and know it as well as you or I do. They don't expect anything remarkable of him, either; and if a little ridicule comes, their love is none the worse for it. As for the transcendental creatures who want a lover as transcendental as themselves, they must be such unutterable bores that a man might be glad to be rid of them at any cost."

"Even at the cost of ridicule?"

"Yes, by Jove, even at the cost of being ducked in a horse-pond, if necessary. I agree with you to a certain point, however," the speaker went on. "There is one test that no woman's love will bear, and I incline to think that this test is disgrace."

"Disgrace!" cried the company in chorus, and then there was a tumult. The ladies denied, the gentlemen questioned, there was cavil and doubt on all sides, and it was some time before anything like a lull could be obtained. Then the gentleman who had advanced this heterodox view, said quietly—

"We have not heard Miss Caryl's opinion yet."

He look toward one of the ladies as he spoke, and following the direction of his eyes, several other people looked also. The object of this scrutiny—a fair, stately girl, who bore such a striking resemblance to Mrs. Denham, that it was at once obvious that they were sisters—was sitting a little apart from the rest, and had taken no share in the discussion. Indeed, she was listening so attentively to something that a slender, dark-eyed man at her elbow was saying, that when her attention was thus directly demanded, she was obliged to ask some information about the point at issue. When this information had been given, her opinion was not long in following.

"If you mean it for a serious question," she said, "I don't think there can be a doubt of the answer. Ridicule would not be a pleasant think, of course, and might shatter a little of that heroic glamor of which Mr. Fleming talks, but love worth calling love would never die from such a trifling cause. Disgrace, however, is a different matter—I can well believe that in an honorable mind no passion would survive that."

"But, my dear Helen!" cried two or three ladies, "suppose the disgrace were undeserved?"

"Still it would be disgrace. A stain is a stain, let it come how it will. And then, it seldom is undeserved. For my part, I am thoroughly incredulous of innocence suffering the penalty of guilt."

"You are quite right," said one of the gentlemen. "Not once in a hundred cases is there really such a thing. Yet every criminal of every degree, according to his showing, is an injured man. I really believe that a convict from the galleys would— Good heavens, Duchatel, what is the matter? Are you going to faint?"

"Hardly," said the person addressed—the same dark-eyed man who was sitting next Miss Caryl—but he was white even to the lips, and the smile he gave was very forced. "I think the conversation has taken a very disagreeable turn, however. Fleming, you ought to be sent to Coventry for introducing such a subject."

"The subject was not of my introduction," said Fleming, carelessly. "I stated my views, but Seabrook chose to dissent from them, and he has wandered in consequence—heaven only knows where! What is the point of all this talk, I confess, I don't see."

"The point is, that we are going to fall in love with some dreadful person, and find out the truth about him, and fall out again," said a young lady, lightly. "Not a very agreeable prospect, I think. Mrs. Denham, is it to-morrow night that we pay a visit to the *Mercure?* That is rather an abrupt change of subject, I know, but I adore Frenchmen—Mr. Duchatel, you need not trouble yourself to bow—and I want to meet those charming officers again."

"Yes, it is to-morrow night," said Mrs. Denham, who was the hostess of the party. "I received a note from the captain this morning, reminding me of the engagement. There is to be an entertainment on board the vessel, I believe."

"That will be charming," said Miss Caryl, "A party on shipboard is really the pleasantest thing in the world. Do you remember how much we enjoyed the ball given by the officers of the *Cadmus?* I never feel so English as when I am on board a royal frigate. Mr. Duchatel, it will be your turn to glow with patriotic ardor to-morrow night."

"Yes," said Mr. Duchatel; and then he stopped, hesitated and finally went on hurriedly, "I hardly think I can accompany you to the vessel. I have business—a positive engagement—that will detain me in Kingston."

"Want! not accompany us!" cried several voices. "Oh, that is quite impossible. We will not suffer such a desertion. Mrs. Denham, tell him that he must come."

"I would rather tell him how sorry we will all be if he does not," said Mrs. Denham, smiling. "Mr. Duchatel, you surely are not in earnest?"

"I am confident Mr. Duchatel is not," said Mr. Seabrook, very much to everybody's surprise, for it was well known that there was no good feeling between those two. "He forgets that he will be depriving himself not only of that patriotic ardor of which Miss Caryl speaks, but also of the pleasure of feeling at home. A great pleasure, at an easy cost, for, in point of law, a French ship is French ground, you know."

The last words were spoken significantly—so significantly that more than one person noticed their expression, and noticed also the start that Duchatel gave. Once more he turned pale, but this time he did not look as if he was going to faint. On the contrary, he raised his head with the air of one who receives a challenge, and his dark eyes flashed haughtily as he looked at the speaker. Their glances crossed like two swords; then the young Frenchman turned to his hostess.

"I was quite in earnest, my dear Mrs. Denham; but, of course, I need not say that if you desire my presence I am at your command—for the Mercure, or elsewhere."

"I desire it undoubtedly," said Mrs. Denham, with the grace of a pretty woman, whose will has always been law to all around her. "I am much obliged to you for yielding so readily—I hate obstinate people. That point, then, is satisfactorily settled. Now, suppose we have some music. Annie, dear, will you sing?"

While the young lady so addressed was clearing her throat and toning her guitar, Duchatel pushed back his chair, and rising, left the group. Night had fallen by this time, but it was that glorious night of the tropics, which is hardly deeper than the twilight of the temperate zones. The warm earth seemed exhaling perfumes, the luminous heaven flooded all things with the silver light of its brilliant constellations, and the divine murmur of the sea waxed fuller and fuller in his ears, as he left the lawn behind, and wandered towards the beach. Soon he was pacing up and down, with the the tide flowing softly at his feet, and a storm of bitter thoughts tearing his heart and darkening his face. In the midst of this conflict a hand fell on his shoulder, and turning suddenly he faced Seabrook. The two men looked at each other for a moment—a child might have seen that there was no love in that look—and then the last comer said quietly:

"There is nothing like the beach on such a night as this. I admired your taste, and so I followed your example. Will you give me a light for my cigar?"

Duchatel gave the light in silence. Then they turned and paced side by side, neither of them speaking, and no sound audible save the soft monotone of the surf, and the strains of music now and then floating down from the lawn above. Again it was Seabrook who spoke first—carelessly and languidly.

"How clearly one is able to distinguish all the shipping in the harbor!—and what a fine sight the Mercure is as she lies yonder! I see a lantern at her peak, which means, of course, that her captain is on shore. All Kingston seems to be going crazy over these officers. You ought to be flattered, Duchatel, as a Frenchman."

"I am not enough of a Frenchman to feel any interest in the matter," said Duchatel shortly.

"Then, perhaps, it really is a bore to you to go on board that vessel to-morrow night? If so, I hope you won't allow anything I said to make you force your inclination. Mrs. Denham, I am sure, would not press the point, and it might be safer for you to remain on shore."

The young Frenchman frowned darkly, and his slight, nervous hands clenched themselves, as if he would have liked to grasp the other's throat.

"What do you mean by 'safer?'" he asked hoarsely.

"I don't think I need to tell you what I mean," Seabrook answered coolly. "Come, Duchatel, we need not fence in the dark. I know who and what you are as well as you know it yourself, but it is no concern of mine to meddle with your past, unless you force me to do so. If I strip all disguises from you it will be only in self-defence—remember that."

"Suppose I defy you to do your worst?"

"I don't think you will do that, especially after I have stated the matter plainly. You are an admirer of Miss Caryl. So am I. You cannot marry her. I mean to do so. We started as equals on a fair field, but of late I have fancied that you were gaining the advantage of me. Now, I have only to speak one word and all your chances are over, so entirely over, that a proud woman, like Miss Caryl, would not recognize you as an acquaintance if she met you to-morrow. Instead of speaking this word, however, I come to you and say—drop your attentions to her, remove yourself out of her path, and neither she nor any one else shall ever learn from me who and what you are. Refuse to do so, and—well, I don't think your friends here will speak to you quite as cordially as usual to-morrow morning. These are my conditions—accept or reject them, as you please."

"I deny your right to make any conditions in such a matter."

"We were not discussing a right but a power, and I suppose you will hardly deny my possession of that. Besides, you gain everything and lose nothing by the plan I propose. I can scarcely think you meant to marry Miss Caryl without telling her your history."

"My God, no!"

"Well, her words to night have showed you what you might expect in such a case. If she loved you as much as woman ever loved man, you might wreck her happiness by your avowal, but you would never induce her to link her fate with yours, or to bear the name of ——"

Duchatel threw up his hand with a quick gesture of silence.

"Hush!" he said fiercely. "I won't answer for keeping my hands from your throat if you once utter that word. As it is, the temptation is strong enough, God knows! However, you are right. If our cases were reversed, I doubt if I should act as well as you are doing. I am sure I should hesitate at nothing to save the woman I loved from—I heard what she said to-night, though. I heard every bitter word of it—after that, what is the good of talking? I accept your conditions. There! Now leave me."

Seabrook turned away, stopped a moment, came back.

"I have only one thing to add," he said gravely. "You better not trust yourself on board the Mercure."

"Why not?"

"Simply because it is a risk. You may have enemies here. The means of information which were open to me are also open to them, and, if you *are* once known and set foot on that vessel, you are lost."

"Yes," said the other, recklessly, "but what does it matter? I would never be taken, you may be sure. I would sell my life dearly, and that would be the end of it—a better end than I have any right to expect. Thank you for your advice, however, and—good-night."

"Good-night!" echoed Seabrook. Then he threw his cigar away, and took his course back to the lawn—the soft dash of the surf

receding, and the strains of music growing clearer as he advanced, while the man whom he had left behind went to the water's edge and asked himself if there was any reason why he should not cast his life and all its burden down on those gently rippling waves.

The ball to be given on board the French frigate Mercure was a matter of great interest to all Kingston—to the unwashed *canaille*, as well as the brilliant *beau monde*—and consequently it was not a small number of the former class who, on the evening when it was to take place, gathered about the place of embarkation and watched the boats taking off their freights of festive company to the side of the brilliantly illuminated vessel. Among these watchers was one who persistently kept a place nearer the landing than any one else had been able to gain, and who observed with quick, eager interest, every face among the many constantly passing. He was a short, thick-set man, dressed in sailor costume, and of a swart repulsive countenance, which was adorned by a patch over one eye. He smoked a pipe as short and thick-set as himself, and in doing so displayed a hand elaborately tattooed with a blue anchor and other nautical devices. Still there was something about him which did not look like a sailor, and this, together with his phlegmatic taciturnity, attracted the attention of the crowd so much that, whenever there were no fine ladies and gentlemen at whom to stare, they amused themselves by jeers and jokes at him—jeers and jokes of which their object took not the slightest notice. Well-loaded boats had been going to the ship for some time, when at last the Denham party—comprising some three or four ladies and as many gentlemen—arrived, and prepared to embark in the captain's gig, which the captain had gallantly sent for them. A murmur of admiration ran through the crowd—for some of the loveliest faces and loveliest toilettes that had been seen that night were in this party—but the silent sailor took no part in the demonstration. He shifted his position, however, and pressed so far forward that he was summarily pushed aside by one of the gentlemen who was leading a lady in filmy draperies down to the boat. "How insolent these rascals are!" said this gentleman, who chanced to be Mr. Seabrook; but the lady, who was Miss Caryl, smiled a little, as she answered, "We can surely afford to pardon them, since they only want to admire us." And, as she said this, she looked back to see what had become of the man whom her companion had nearly knocked down. She saw him in the act of slipping something into the hand of Duchatel, who was just behind her. No sooner had he accomplished this than he stepped back and vanished from sight.

There was a flavor of mystery in this brief pantomime that excited her curiosity. But she was a jewel among women; she had discretion enough to hold her tongue, and only kept her eye on the young Frenchman when they entered the boat and were pulling toward the vessel. Her attention was rewarded by seeing him open a slip of paper, and read a few lines pencilled within, but what was the nature and purport of those few lines nothing in his face informed her. It did not change by even so much as a shade, and when he looked up—crushing the paper in his hand, and dropping it over the boat into the water—it was to answer some slight sally of his next neighbor as carelessly and lightly as it had been spoken. Still a woman's glance is keen—especially if any more than ordinary interest sharpen it—and Helen Caryl felt confident that all was not well with the young man. She remembered that, by a species of social exaction very well known to women of a certain stamp, Mrs. Denham had absolutely forced him to make one of the party, and, let him be gay as he would, she saw plainly that his inclination was toward the shore they were leaving behind, and not in the bright scene they were approaching. It is useless to deny that the young lady felt a little piqued by this knowledge—for many things had concurred to make her believe that where her presence shone there would always be sunshine for Louis Duchatel—but still she was magnanimous enough to wish that her sister had been more considerate of his obvious reluctance, to wish that he could be gratified in his desire to remain in Kingston, and even to cast about in her mind for some means of accomplishing this end. She was still considering the point—and puzzling Mr. Seabrook a good deal by her grave silence—when the boat reached its destination, i. e., the ship. Immediately her attention was engrossed by the brilliant ball-room into which the deck had been metamorphosed, and by the gallant cavaliers who thronged around her. As she was at once the prettiest woman and richest heiress in all Jamaica, the officers of the Mercure were not a whit behind her other admirers in point of devotion, and it was some time before she could find an opportunity to carry out an expedient which had suggested itself for Duchatel's release. At last, however, she managed to disperse her staff in various directions, on various errands, and, before any of them could return, she approached the young Frenchman, who chanced to be standing quite apart and quite alone.

"Mr. Duchatel," she said—and how the clear, silvery voice made him start—"I find that I have left something quite important—in fact, my dancing shoes behind. The captain is good enough to say that his gig shall be sent back for them, and I am bold enough to ask if you will go on the same errand. I could write a note to my maid, only it would be more trouble, and, somehow, I fancy you will not mind the service."

"I shall be highly honored," said Duchatel; but a hot, sharp pang shot through his heart. Had Seabrook told her, and was this a mere stratagem devised in kindness to take him out of danger? He could not help thinking so, and the thought made his tone cold and hard—so cold and hard that the young lady hesitated a moment before going on.

"I know you are here against your own wishes," she said, hurriedly. "It was very inconsiderate of Bertha to urge the matter, and—and, if you care to do so, you can send the boat back without returning yourself. I will make your excuses to her."

"You are very good," said Duchatel, bitterly, for he felt now that his surmise was correct, and that all was known. "I ought to be deeply obliged to you," cried he, with a sudden burst of passion that made her start, "but *mon Dieu!* I am only a man, and I feel utterly reckless of the danger around me, and the fate before me—utterly prepared to meet both, also—you know all, and knowing it, are willing to dismiss me like this."

"The danger around you!—the fate before you!" cried Miss Caryl, aghast. "Good heavens! what do you mean?—and what do you think I mean? I only know that you are anxious to be in Kingston, and I only thought—forgive me again if I am bold—that I would give you the opportunity of going without the trouble of an explanation with Bertha. That was all, I assure you, and if—and if there is any reason why you should be there, pray go at once."

"There is every reason why I should be there," said he, hoarsely, and a sudden impulse, half of despair, half of recklessness, came to him to tell her all. "I accept your offer, and I am glad to owe this—a greater debt than you think—to your kindness. I may as well tell you that I have only been waiting a favorable moment to slip away, but this is a better plan. I knew all along that it was a risk worse than the risk of death to set foot on this vessel, but I received a warning yonder"—he pointed to the shore—"which tells me it is more than a risk, which tells me that I am a free man only because the bloodhounds on my track have not yet reached me, but that if I remain here another hour, I shall be arrested."

"Arrested!"

"Yes, arrested. Arrested as—" He stopped, his lips quivered, and he absolutely seemed incapable of uttering the word next on them; but after a moment he conquered himself, and with one grim effort wrenched out the hateful syllables, and flung them at his listener—"as an escaped convict from the penal settlement of Cayenne!"

Everything grew black before Helen Caryl's eyes—the brilliant deck, with its shifting crowd, the broad, moonlit bay, even the face and form of the man before her faded away as she sat down white and shuddering, gasping for breath, and unable to utter a word. Through the thick mist Duchatel's voice fell on her ear, muffled and yet distinct—a voice vibrating with strange agony and strange passion.

"I might have spared you this, but I knew you would hear it sooner or later, and I preferred to tell you myself. You think, no doubt, that I have been a villain to meet you as I have done with this knowledge ever between us. But there are some temptations beyond man's strength, and I thought—O, God! what a wild, mad dream it was!—that if you once loved me you might come to me, despite the shadow of disgrace. Your words last night shivered that hope forever. I know now that, in your eyes '*a stain is a stain, let it come how it will*,' and that if I could prove myself as innocent as the saints of God, you would turn away from me all the same. This thought was one thing that made me reckless enough to come here to-night. I knew I would never be taken alive, and I felt willing to throw away my life, if the worst came to the worst, in one wild struggle for freedom. But I am cooler now, and I see that this would be only melodramatic folly. So I will go. I must beg you to make my excuses to Mrs. Denham—and my adieux. I leave Kingston to-morrow, and will not see her again."

Miss Caryl made a motion with her hand as if she wished to speak, but he did not see, or else did not heed it. He turned quickly away, and as he did so, the captain of the *Mercure*, attended by a half military, half official-looking personage and one or two marines, came across the deck. The gallant seaman looked annoyed—evidently the duty thus forced upon him was but little to his taste—and quitting his companions abruptly, he came to Miss Caryl's side.

"Mademoiselle, will you allow me—" he began hurriedly. But in a moment she divined what he meant, and rose with a strange eagerness on her pale face and parted lips.

"What is the matter?" she demanded. "What is the meaning of this? Is Mr. Duchatel to be arrested here, where he is one of your own invited guests?"

"I regret to say that it is a matter of necessity," said the handsome sailor, looking surprised, for naturally he had not expected this knowledge from her. "The authorities of Cayenne demand him as a convict whose term of penal service has not expired, and I cannot refuse to comply with the demand."

"And you seize him on your own ship, where he came trusting in your faith?"

"Mademoiselle, this ship is French territory, and he should have known it. I would be guilty of a grave offence if I connived at his escape, or refused to aid the arrest."

"But at least for common justice sake you can—"

She broke off abruptly, with a cry of terror—a cry that was echoed from more than one throat, as the report of a pistol ran sharply over the deck, as above the pealing music and dancing feet sounded the scuffle and tramp of a deadly struggle, as a figure, bounding suddenly forward, dashed over the taffrail of the vessel, and, as simultaneously with its plunge into the water, the sentinels' guns flashed forth, ploughing the waves with a rain of bullets.

In a moment all was uproar and commotion among the guests, and when a rumor flashed through the crowd that it was Duchatel who had been arrested, who had fought so fiercely, and who had escaped, they thronged the side of the vessel, watching eagerly the boat that had been lowered, and was bounding forward in pursuit of the bold swimmer. For awhile the chase was a very exciting one, and it was doubtful whether the man would not win; but, as was afterwards learned, he had been wounded by one of the shots fired from the ship, and the exhaustion consequent upon the loss of blood, and the struggle that had preceded it, was too much for him. His vigorous strokes slackened and weakened, the pursuers behind drew nearer and nearer, and at last, when insensibility had come, and he was in the very act of sinking, they gained his side, drew him into the boat, laid him like one dead in the bottom of it, and retraced their course to where the *Mercure* lay, hung fore and aft with lights, and glittering like a fairy palace.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided, inquiries into the true state of the matter were naturally made, and everybody soon knew that the young Frenchman who had been for many months the social favorite, *par excellence*, of Jamaica, was nothing more nor less than an escaped convict of Cayenne. Tempering the horror and dismay of this a little, was the fact that he had been sentenced to the galleys for offences of a political nature, and therefore was not to be placed on a level with convicts of the baser kind. The officers of the *Mercure* all knew him by reputation, all remembered the time of his trial, and all assured his shocked friends and late entertainers that he was a criminal of the higher grade, for even governments make distinction in crime. But all this did not mitigate the horrible truth that he was a convict—a convict who had been branded with the fiery signet of the *transaux forces*, who had worked with ball and chain, and who now lay heavily ironed, ready to be taken back to the death in life from which he had once escaped. It would be hard to say whether indignation or pity waxed most high among the people who a few hours before had liked him so cordially; but nobody wondered that Mrs. Denham insisted on returning home.

"It was my fault that he came here," she cried, with a burst of genuine emotion. "Oh, if I had only known, I would have done anything in the world sooner than have urged him to such a thing. It is shameful—it is terrible, and I would not stay here for the world. It breaks my heart to think of him, and to stay here and dance. I should hate myself if I could do it. Send for Helen. Will somebody please go after my sister."

Several somebodies volunteered for this service, and after awhile Miss Caryl came, very pale, but quite composed in demeanor. She agreed with her sister that it would be better to go; and in a few minutes they took their departure. As they pulled across the bay, with the gleaming ship behind them, and the quiet town before, Miss Caryl buried her face in her hands, and wondered dimly and vaguely if anything in the future would ever make amends for the bitterness of this hour. (CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE GRAVE OF ROBERT BURNS.

The above engraving represents the monument in St. Michael's churchyard, Dumfries, raised to the memory of the gifted poet Burns, author of "Auld Lang Syne," "Bonnie Doon," and a host of songs dear to the heart of Scotland and all the rest of the English-speaking world.

Within the mausoleum stands the statue of Burns, sculptured from white marble by Turnerelli. Coila, the poet genius of Scotland, is throwing "the inspiring mantle" over the life-size figure of Burns, who holds the plough with his left hand, while the right presses his farmer's bonnet to his breast. He stands before us dressed as a Scottish ploughman—coat, breeches and gaiters are all honestly given without affectation. The sculptor has, however, failed to catch the expressive power of Burn's countenance, and "Time's effacing fingers" seem likely to render indistinct the few features which had been truly given. The massive stone in the centre covers the entrance to the vault, and a gravestone at the foot of the statue bears an inscription recording the date of the poet's death and burial, and also that of the removal from his first grave to this vault.

The foundation-stone of this monument was not laid until June, 1815; but as this was but a space of nineteen years after the decease of the man thus honored, it must be regarded as an unusually speedy recognition of poetic genius.

The Ayrshire ploughman was not faultless; but over his grave in St. Michael's churchyard, a whole nation has uttered its verdict, ignoring the harsh charges of the unloving, the narrow-minded, and the unforgiving, and placing Burns on high among the men of honor and renown.

Smart Folks.

There is a great deal said about certain persons being smart, but I do not believe two individuals can be found who would give the same definition of the term.

If a baby has teeth a little sooner, or prattles "Ba, ba," when a little younger than some other mother's baby did, why it's a "smart baby."

If a child is bright and childlike, it is called "smart;" if it is shy and sober, that is a sure sign it is "smart;" but if it is bold and impudent, it is "very smart" in the eyes of some people.

If boys or girls are studious, they are styled "smart;" if they work well, they are "smart;" but if they are full of the very spirit of mischief, they are "smart" also.

If a young lady is dressy, smiles bewitchingly, and prattles funny little nothings, she is smart;" but if she is staid and grave, or talks fluently of nebulæ, crustacea, and cotyledons, she is "smart" too.

If she plays the pianoforte, she is supposed to be "smart;" but if, without knowing a flat from a sharp, she wields the rolling-pin and broom, of course she is "smart."

If a man is learned and wise, he is "smart;" but if he is witty and funny, even though he don't know a verb from a fraction, he is "smart" also.

If he makes speeches, of course he is "smart:" but if he does not, you will surely be told that he is "too smart to tell all he knows."

If he employs his superabundant brains on other people's affairs, he is "very smart;" but if he has sense enough to mind his own business, he is "uncommonly smart."

If a boy supports his widowed mother, he is a "good, smart, clever lad;" but if he bullies his little sisters, runs in debt, and breaks his mother's heart, he may still be spoken of as a "smart young rascal, after all."

Curiosity Gratified.

The Dalkirk Journal says that a curious individual was greatly perplexed at the opening of the Masonic rooms, the other night, to understand the whys and wherefores of the three large candles, which had a capricious position. He viewed them on all sides, thoughtfully summing up in his mind their probable use. At last his patience was exhausted, and turning suddenly about, he made bold to ask a Mason "What those candles were for?" The Mason, looking about him to see that no one was near, and exacting most solemn promises of secrecy, got close up to the ear of his friend, and with bated breath whispered: "The candles are to burn." The curious man hasn't told any person about it, but somehow such things will leak out.

THE SLAIN SOLDIER.

Never more those arms shall fold her,
Never more that heart shall beat,
Never more in sweet encounter
Shall their lips in kisses meet.

Never more in loving whisper
Shall that dear voice breathe her name,
Never more his ear be charmed
With her praises of his fame.

Never more her flowing tresses
Veil her blushes from his gaze,
Gone the glory of a lifetime,
Gone the sun that lit her days.

Still he sleeps in Death's long slumber,
Slain in war for Fatherland;
In her heart doth freeze the warm blood,
As she clasps that lifeless hand.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXXV.

JELLY'S TWO EVENING VISITS.

Jelly—to whom we are obliged to refer rather frequently, as she holds some important threads of the story in her hands—found times went very hard with her. A death within the house in addition to the death close without it, were almost more than Jelly could well do with in her present state of mind. The very peculiar and startling circumstances that had characterized Mrs. Rane's demise did not attend Mrs. Cumberland's: but it had been very sudden at last, and Jelly was sincerely attached to her mistress.

Dr. Rane was left sole executor to his mother's will. It was a very simple one: she bequeathed him all she had. That was not much: for a portion of her income died with her. He found that he had two hundred a year—as he had known all along he should have—and her household furniture. Of ready money there was little. When he should have discharged trifling claims and paid the funeral expenses, some twenty or thirty pounds would remain over. And that was all.

Dr. Rane acted promptly. He discharged two of the servants, Ann and Diush, retaining Jelly for the present to look after the house. He wished, if he could, to get the furniture taken with the house, for he knew how ruinous to the pocket is a sale in general; so he advertised it in the local papers. He had been advertising his practice—I think this has been said previously—but nothing satisfactory came of it. Inquiries had been made, but they all dropped through. Perhaps Dr. Rane was too honest to say his practice was worth much, or to conceal the fact that Mr. Seeley had the best of it in Dallory. Neither was the tontine money as yet paid over; and, putting out of consideration all other business, the doctor must have waited for that.

Now, of all things that could have happened, Jelly most disliked and dreaded the being left to herself in the house. From having been physically bold as a woman, she had latterly become one of the most timid. She started at her own shadow, would not for the world have gone alone at night into the room where Mrs. Cumberland died. A shivering kind of fear lay on her constantly. Having seen one ghost, Jelly could not feel sure that she should not see two. Some people hold a theory that there is given to a very few persons in this world—and not to others—the faculty, or gift, or whatever you may please to call it, of discerning supernatural sights and things pertaining to the other world. Jelly had heard this; and she took up the notion that for some wise purpose she had been suddenly endowed with it. To stay in the house alone was more than her brain would bear; and she seized upon Ketlar's eldest girl, a starved damsel of thirteen, called at home "Riah," to come and be with her. As it was a mouth less to feed, and they had tried to get Riah a place in vain—for the failure of trade affected all classes, and less servants seemed to be wanted everywhere, Ketlar and his wife were very glad to let her go.

How do rumors get about? Can anybody tell? How did a certain rumor get about and begin to be whispered in Dallory? Certainly no one there could have told. Jelly could have been upon her Bible oath if necessary (or thought she could) that she had not sent it floating. It was a very ugly one whoever had done it.

Late one afternoon Jelly received a call from Mrs. Gass's smart housemaid. The girl brought a message from her mistress: Mrs. Gass wanted very particularly to see Jelly, and sent to say that Jelly was to go there as soon as she could. Jelly made no sort of objection. She had been confined to the house much more closely of late than she approved of: partly because Dr. Rane had charged her to be in the way in case people called to look over it; partly because she had found out that Miss Riah had a tendency to walk off, herself, if she could get Jelly's back turned.

"Now mind you sit still in the kitchen and attend to the fire, and listen to the door; and perhaps I'll bring you home a pair of strings for that bonnet of yours," said Jelly to the girl when she was ready to start. "The doctor will be in by-and-by, so don't attempt to get out of the way."

With these injunctions Jelly began her walk. She had on her best new mourning—a merino gown of fine texture and fringed shawl of the same—and was in a complaisant mood. It looked inclined for rain—the weather had been uncertain of late—but Jelly had her umbrella: a silk one that had belonged to her mistress, and that Dr. Rane had given, with many other things, to Jelly. She rather wondered what Mrs. Gass wanted with her, but supposed it was to tell her of a situation. It had been arranged that if an eligible one offered, Jelly should be at liberty to go, and a woman be placed in the house to take care of it. Mrs. Gass had said she would let Jelly know if she heard of anything desirable. So away went Jelly with a light foot, little thinking what there was in store for her at her walk's end.

Mrs. Gass, wearing mourning also, was in her usual sitting-room, the dining-parlor. As Jelly entered, the smart maid was carrying out the tea tray. Mrs. Gass stirred up her fire, and bade Jelly to a chair near it, drawing her own pretty close to her.

"Just see whether that girl have shut the door fast afore I begin," suggested Mrs.

Gass. "It won't do to have earn a listening to me."

Jelly went, saw that the door was closed, came back and sat down again. She noticed that Mrs. Gass looked full in her face, as if studying it, before speaking.

"Jelly, what is it that you've been a saying about Dr. Rane?"

The question was so unexpected that Jelly did not immediately answer it. Quite a change this, from an offer of a nice place.

"I've said nothing," she replied.

"Now don't you repeat that to me," said Mrs. Gass. "You have. And it would have been a'most as well for you that you'd cut your tongue out a'fore doing it."

"I said—what I did—to you, Mrs. Gass. To nobody else."

"Look here, girl—the mischief's done, and you'd a great deal better be looking it full in the face than denying of it. There's reports getting up about Dr. Rane, in regard to his wife's death—and no mortal woman or man can have set 'em afloat but *you*. This morning I was in North Inlet, looking a bit after them scoumps of workmen, that won't work, and won't let others work if they can help it: and after I had gave a taste of my mind to as many of 'em as was standing about, I stepped in to Mother Green's. She has the rheumatics badly—and he has got a touch of it. Talking to her of one thing and another, we got on to the subject of Dr. Rane and the tootings; and she said two or three words that frightened me; that frightened me, Jelly; for they pointed to the suspicion that he had sacrificed his wife to get it. I pretended to understand nothing—he didn't speak out broad enough for me to take it up and answer her—and it was the best plan not to understand—"

"For an old woman, Mother Green has got the longest tongue I know," interrupted Jelly.

"You've got a longer," retorted Mrs. Gass. "Just wait till I've finished, girl. 'Twas a tolerable fine morning; and after that, I went walking on, and struck off down by the Wheatsheaf. Packerton's wife was astanding at the door, with cherry ribbons in her cap, and I stopped to talk to her. *She* brought up Dr. Rane; and lowered her voice as she did it, as if it was high treason; asking me if s'd heard what was being said about his wife not having died a natural death. I did give it the woman; and I think I frightened her. She acknowledged that she only spoke from a hint dropped by Timothy Wilks, and said she had thought at the time it couldn't have anything in it. But what *I* have got to say to you is this," continued Mrs. Gass to Jelly, more emphatically: "whether it's Tim Wilks that's spreading the report or whether it's Mother Green, they've both got it in the first place from you."

Jelly sat in discomfort. She did not like this. It is nothing to be charged with a fault when you are wholly innocent; but when conscience says you are partly guilty it is another thing. Jelly was aware that one night at Mother Green's, taking supper with that old matron and Timothy, she had so far yielded to the seductions of social gossip as to forget her usual reticence; and had said rather more than she ought. Still, at the worst, it had been but a word or two: a hint, but not a specific charge.

"I may have let fall an incautious word there," confessed Jelly. "But it was nothing anybody can take hold of."

"Don't you make sure of that," reprimanded Mrs. Gass. "We are told in the Sacred writings—which it's not well to mention in ordinary talk, and I'd only do it with reverence—of a grain of mustard seed, that's the least of all seeds when it's sown, and grows into the greatest tree. You remember who it is says that, Jelly, so it's not for me to enlarge upon it. But I may say this much, girl: that that's an apt exemplification of gossip. You drop one word, or it may be only half a one: and it goes spreading out pretty nigh over the world."

"I'm sure what with the weight and worry this dreadful secret has been on my mind, a'most driving me mad—the wonder is that I've been able to keep as silent as I have," put in Jelly, who was getting cross.

Mrs. Gass resumed.

"If the thing is what you think it to be—a dreadful secret; and it is brought to light through you, why I don't know that you'd get blamed—though there's many a one will say you might have spared your mistress's son, and left it for others to charge him. But suppose it turns out to be no dreadful secret; suppose poor Betsy Rane died a natural death in the fever, what then?—where would you be?"

Jelly took off her black gloves as if they had grown suddenly tight for her hands. She said nothing.

"Look here, girl. My belief is that you've just set a brand afire; one that won't be put out until it's burnt out. My firm belief also is, *that you be altogether mistaken.* I have thought the matter over with myself hour after hour; and, except at the first moment when you whispered it to me in the churchyard, and I owe I was startled, I have never been able to bring my common-sense to believe it. Oliver Rane loved his wife too well to hurt a hair of her head."

"There was that anonymous letter," cried Jelly.

"Whatever hand he might have had in that anonymous letter—and nobody knows the truth on't, whether he had or whether he hain't—I don't believe he was the man to hurt a hair of his wife's head," repeated Mrs. Gass. "And for you to be spreading it about that he murdered her!"

"The circumstances all point to it," said Jelly.

"They don't."

"Why, Mrs. Gass they do."

"Let's go over 'em, and see," said Mrs. Gass, who had a plain way of convincing people. Let's begin at the beginning. Hear me tell 'em."

She went over the past minutely. Jelly listened, growing more uncomfortable every moment. There was absolutely not one fact inconsistent with natural death. It is true the demise had been speedy, but the cause assigned for it, exhaustion, might have been the real one; and the hasty fastening down of the coffin was no doubt a simple measure of precaution, taken out of regard to the welfare of the living. No; as Mrs. Gass put it in her straightforward sensible way, there was positively not a single fact that could be urged for supposing Mrs. Rane came to an untimely end. Jelly twirled her gloves, and twisted her hands, and grew hot—not with the fire.

"There was what I saw—the ghost," she said.

But Mrs. Gass ridiculed the ghost—that is, the idea of it—beyond every earthly thing, Jelly, however, would not give way there: and they had some sparring.

"Ghost, indeed! And you come to this age! It was the beer, girl; the beer."

"I hadn't had a drop of beer," protested Jelly, almost crying. "How was I to get beer at Ketlar's? They've got none for themselves. I had nothing inside my lips but tea."

"Well; beer or no beer, ghost or no ghost, it strikes me, Jelly, that you have done a pretty thing. This bad story is as sure to get wind now, as them geraniums of mine will get air when I open the window to-morrow morning. You'll be called upon to substantiate your story: and when you can't—I'm sure you know that you can't—the law may have you up to answer for it. I once knew a man that rose a bad charge against another; he was tried for it, and got seven years transportation. You may come to the same."

A very agreeable prospect! If Jelly's bonnet had not been on, her hair might have gone up on end with horror. There could be no doubt that it was she who had started the report; and in this moment of repentance she sat, really wishing she had first cut her foolish tongue out.

"Nothing can be done now," concluded Mrs. Gass. "There's just a chance for you—that the rumor may die away. If it will, let it; and take warning to be more cautious in future. The chances are that Mother Green and Timothy Wilks have mentioned it to others besides me and Packerton's wife; if so, nothing will keep it under. You have been a great fool, Jelly."

Jelly went away in mortal fright. Mrs. Gass had laid the matter before her in its true light. Suspect as she might *she had no proof;* and if questioned by authority could not have deduced one.

"Dr. Rane have been in here three times after you," was young Rish's salutation, when Jelly got home.

"Dr. Rane has!"

"And he said the last time, that you oughtn't to be away from the house so long, with only me in it," added the damsel, who felt aggrieved, on her own score, at being left.

"Oh, did he!" carelessly returned Jelly.

But she began considering *what* Dr. Rane could want. For her parting charge to Rish, that Dr. Rane was coming in, had been a slight invention of her own, meant to help keep that young person to her duty. Just as she had decided that it might have reference to this same report, which he might have heard, and Jelly was growing more and more ill at ease in consequence, he came in. She went to him in the dining-room.

"Jelly," said the Doctor, "I think I have let the house."

"Have you, sir," returned Jelly, blithely, in the agreeable revulsion of feeling. "I'm sure I am glad."

"But only for a short time," continued Dr. Rane. "Two ladies of Whitborough are seeking for temporary change of air, and will take it if it suits them. They are coming to-morrow to look at it."

"Very well, sir."

"They will take it for a month, certain, and perhaps continue in it longer. They pay liberally, and it will give me time to let it for a permanency. If you feel inclined to take service with them, I believe there'll be room."

"Who are they?" asked Jelly.

"Mrs. and Miss Beverage. Quakers."

She knew the name. Very respectable people; plenty of money.

"You'll show them over it to-morrow when they come: I may, or may not, be in the way at the time," concluded Dr. Rane.

Jelly attended him to the door. It was evident he had not heard the rumor that had reached Mrs. Gass; or at least, did not connect Jelly with it. But, how was he likely to hear it? The probability was, that all Dallory would be making a hall of it before it got near *him.*

Jelly could not eat her supper. She had taken too nauseous a dose of medicine at Mrs. Gass's to leave room for appetite. Neither did she get any sleep. Tossing and turning on her bed, she lay: the past doubt and the present dread troubling her brain until morning light.

But, when Jelly had thus tormented herself and regarded the matter in all its aspects, the result was, that she still believed her own version of the tale—namely, that Mrs. Rane had not come fairly by her death. True it was, that she had no proof to offer in corroboration: but she began wondering whether such proof might not be found. At any rate, she resolved to search for it. Not openly; not to make use of; but quietly and cautiously: to hold in her hand, as it were, in case of need. She could not tell how to look for this, or where to begin. No one had seen Mrs. Rane after death—except of course the undertakers. Jelly resolved to question them: perhaps something might be gleaned.

It was afternoon before the expected ladies came. Two wise-speaking women, dressed after the sober fashion of their sect. Mrs. Beverage, a widow, was sixty; her daughter nearly forty. They liked the house, and said they should take it; and they liked Jelly, and engaged her to stay as upper maid, in ending to bring two servants of their own. After their departure, Jelly had to wait for Dr. Rane: it would not do for him to find only Rish again. He came in while Jelly was at tea. She told him the ladies wished to enter as soon as convenient, and the doctor said he would at once go over and see them at Whitborough.

This left Jelly free. It was getting late when she set forth on her expedition, and she started at the hedge shadows as she went along. The mind is swayed by its thoughts present: and Jelly's were of all kinds of uncanny and unpleasant things. Jelly's disposition was not a secretive one, rather the contrary, and she hated to have to do with what might not be discussed in the broad light of day.

The commencement of her task was at any rate not difficult: she could enter the Hepburns' house without excuse or apology, knowing them sufficiently well for it. When they were young, Thomas Hepburn, his wife, and Jelly had all gone to the same day-school, and been companions. Walking through the shop without ceremony, save a nod to young Charley, who was minding it, Jelly turned into the little parlor; a narrow room with the fire-place in the corner surmounted by an old-fashioned high wainscot of wood, painted stone color. Thomas Hepburn, who seemed to be always ailing with something or other, had got a patch of inflammation on his left arm, and his wife was binding bruised lily leaves round it. Jelly, drawing near to look on, at once expressed her disapprobation of the treatment, saying the leaves would only "draw."

"I can't think how it should have come, or what it is," he observed. "I don't remember to have hurt it in any way."

Jelly took the seat on the other side the fire-place, and Mrs. Hepburn, a stout, healthy woman, sat down to the small round table and began working by lamplight. Thomas Hepburn, nursing his arm, which pained him, led all unconsciously to the subject Jelly had come to speak upon. Saying that if his arm was not better in the morning, he should show it to Dr. Rane, he thence went on to express his sorrow that the doctor should talk of leaving Dallory, for they liked him so much both as a gentleman and a doctor.

"But after such a loss as he has experienced in his wife, poor lady, no wonder the place is distasteful to him," went on Hepburn. And Jelly felt silently obliged for the words that helped her.

"Ah, that was a dreadful thing," she observed. "I shall never forget the morning I heard of it, and the shock it gave me."

"I'm sure I can never forget the night he came down here, and said she was dead," rejoined the undertaker. "It was like a blow. Although I was in a degree prepared for it, for the doctor had told me in the afternoon what a dangerous state she was in—and I didn't like his manner when he spoke: it seemed to say more than his words. I came home and told Martha here that I feared is was all over with Mrs. Rane. Poor Henry was lying dead at the same time."

"And the answer I made to Thomas was, that she'd get over it," said Mrs. Hepburn, looking up from her sewing at Jelly. "I thought she would. Betsy North was always hearty and healthy. You might have taken a lease of her life."

"We had shut up the shops for the night, though the men were at work still next door, when the doctor came," resumed Thomas Hepburn, as if he found some satisfaction in recalling the circumstances for Jelly's benefit. "It was past eleven o'clock: but we had to work late during that sad time; and Henry's illness and death seemed to make a difference of nearly as much as two hands to us. I was in the yard with the men when there came a knocking at the shop-door. I went to open it, and there stood the doctor. 'Hepburn,' said he, 'my poor wife is gone.' Well, I did feel it."

Jelly gave a groan by way of expressing her sympathy. She was inwardly deliberating how she could best lead on to what she wanted to ask. But she never was at fault long.

"I have heard you express distaste against some of the things that go to make up your trade, Thomas Hepburn, but at least they give you the opportunity of taking looks at people—which we don't get," began Jelly. "I'm have given I don't know how much out of my pocket to have had a farewell look at Mrs. Rane."

"That don't always bring pleasure to the feelings—or to the sight either," was the answer of the undertaker.

"Did *you* go to her?" asked Jelly.

"No. I sent the two men, Clark and Dobson. They took the coffin at once: the doctor had brought up the measure."

"And they screwed her down at once," retorted Jelly, with more expressive quickness than she had meant to use.

"Ay. It was best. We did it in some other cases that died of the same."

"Did the men notice how she looked—whether there was much change?" resumed Jelly in a low tone. "Some faces are very sweet and placid after death: so much so that one can't help thinking they are happy. Was Mrs. Rane's?"

"The men did not see her," said Hepburn.

"Not see her!"

"No. The doctor managed that they should not. It was very kind of him. Dobson had had an awful dread all along of catching the fever; and Clark was beginning to fear it a little: Dr. Rane knew this, and said he'd not expose them to the risk more than could be helped. The men carried the coffin up to the ante-room, and he said he would manage to do all the rest."

Jelly sat with open mouth and eyes staring.

The undertaker put it down to surprise.

"Medical men are used to these things, Jelly. It comes as natural to them as to us. Dr. Rane said to Clark that he would call over Bexley if he found he wanted help. I don't suppose he would want it: she was small and light, poor young lady."

Jelly found her tongue. "Then they—Clark and Dobson—never saw her at all!"

"Not at all. She was in the far room. The door was close shut, and well covered beside with a sheet wet with disinfecting fluid. There was no danger, Dr. Rane assured them, so long as they did not go into the room where she lay. The men came away, wishing other people would take these precautions: but then, you see, doctors understand things. He gave them each a glass of brandy and water, too."

"And—then—*nobody* saw her!" persisted Jelly, as if she could not get over the fact.

"I daresay not," replied Thomas Hepburn.

"He must have hammered her down himself!" nearly shrieked Jelly.

"He could do it as well as the men could. They left the nails and hammer."

"Well—it—it—seems dreadful work for a man to have to do for his wife," observed Jelly after a pause, staring over Mr. Hepburn's head into vacancy, as if she were mentally watching the hammering.

"He did violence to his own feelings out of consideration for the men," said the undertaker. "And I must say it was very good of him. But, as I've observed, doctors know what's what, and how necessary it is to keep away from danger in perilous times."

"Did he manage the one of lead as well as the first: 'twould be heavy for him, wouldn't it?" continued Jelly in a hard kind of tone, which she found it utterly impossible to suppress. "And there was the third one to come after that."

"I went and soldered down the lead myself. The men took up the last one and made all ready."

"Yes!" thought Jelly. "As soon as her poor dear face was safely nailed in, so that it couldn't tell tales, he might let anybody that would do the rest."

"Were you not afraid of the risk, Thomas Hepburn?" asked Jelly, somewhat tauntingly, for she despised the man for being so simply unsuspicious. "Soldering takes up some time, don't it?"

"The rooms had been well disinfected then, the doctor said. We took no harm."

That Thomas Hepburn held the most perfect faith in Dr. Rane, and never had discerned cause for the smallest suspicion of unfair play, was self-evident. Jelly, in her superior knowledge, in her wrath altogether, could have shaken him for it. In his place she felt mentally sure she should not have been so obtuse. Jelly forgot that it was only that knowledge of hers that enabled her to see what others did not: and that while matters, looked at from Hepburn's point of view, were all right; looked at from hers, with a clue in her head, were all wrong.

"Well, I must be wishing you good-evening, I suppose," she said. "I've only left that Rish in the house—and she's of no mortal good to anybody, except for company. With people dying about one like this, one gets to feel dull, all alone."

"So one does," answered the undertaker. "Don't go yet."

Jelly had not risen. She sat looking at the fire, evidently in deep thought. Presently she turned her keen eyes on the man.

"Thomas Hepburn, did you ever see a ghost?"

He took the question as calmly and seriously as though she had said Did you ever see a funeral? And shook his head slightly in dissent.

"I can't say I ever saw one myself. I've knowed those that have. That is they say and believe they have. And I'm sure I've no reason to say they've not. One hears curious tales now and then."

"They are not pleasant things to see," remarked Jelly a little dreamily.

"Well no, I daresay not."

"For my part I don't put faith in ghosts," said hearty Mrs. Hepburn, looking up with a laugh. "None will ever come near me. I'll answer for it. I've too many children about me and too much work to do for pastime of that sort. Ghosts come from nothing but nervous fancies."

Jelly could not contradict this in the positive manner she would have liked, so it was best to say nothing. She finally got up to go, saying that Rish would be falling asleep with her hair in the candle.

And in spite of the prospective attractions of a supper of toasted-cheese and ale, which she was pressed to stay and partake of, Jelly departed. Things had become as sure and clear to her as daylight.

"I don't so much care now if it does come out," she said to herself as she hastened along. "What Thomas Hepburn can tell as good as proves the doctor's guilt. I knew it was so. And I wish old Dame Gass had been smothered before she sent me into that cobbt and fright last night!"

But the road seemed frightfully lonely now; and Jelly literally sprang aside from every shadow. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A New York woman considerately took laudanum. She said she wanted to die so as to make her husband happy.

☞ It can't be said there is a lack of religion among the Chinese, for they have fully thirty thousand gods.

☞ Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to the doctors of Berkshire, that, "if the pendulum of belief does not swing through a pretty wide arc, the hands of progress will hardly be kept going."

☞ Montesquieu wrote to his friend, the Abbe de Guasco:—"For three months I have thought I should kill myself in my endeavor to finish a little piece to add to the work. It will occupy three hours in reading; but I assure you it has cost me so much labor *that my hair has turned white.*"

☞ Mr. Punch, an English newspaper man, making some pretensions to jocularity, expresses the opinion that a silk dress should never be satin. How is that?

☞ REASON FOR GLOOM.—A school-girl, in writing to her mother, says:—"I get along nicely with all my teachers except Miss ——; but I don't blame her, because she accidentally shot the young man she was engaged to, and it naturally makes her feel kind of cross, especially on cloudy days."

☞ One of the largest verdicts ever recovered against a railway company has just been obtained by Mrs. Morton, an English vocalist. Thirty thousand dollars is the sum she has recovered for damage done to her voice by collision.

☞ A young man charged with being lazy, was asked if he took it from his father. "I think not," was the reply; "father's got all the laziness he ever had."

☞ As regards expression, the three prominent men of Germany may be thus distinguished:—King William says what he thinks; Bismarck says what it is politic to say; Moltke says nothing.

☞ De Tocqueville once said this clever thing;—"If I were asked to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of the American people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply, to the superiority of their women." This was before the woman's rights era however.

☞ CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—A sure cure for rheumatism is said to be the berry of the common scoke-weed, or scoke-root—often called poke-root. These berries, which are now ripe, are put into spirits—gin is the best—at the rate of two ounces to the pint. Of the tincture thus made, a tablespoonful is given three times a day. This simple remedy, persisted in for a week or more, has effected some remarkable cures of this common and distressing complaint.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ The phrase "I and Bismarck" is likely to become as famous as the "Louis and I" of the earlier part of the war. The familiarity of American newspaper correspondents with King William and the Crown Prince is really very touching.

☞ In ancient Bœotia, brides were carried home in vehicles whose wheels were burned at the door in token that they would never again be needed to take them back.

☞ Twelve bridesmaids, twelve groomsmen and twelve ushers are to help to marry a couple in New York next month, in a church where the decorations are to cost over $5,000.

☞ Prof. Agassiz recently prophesied that within forty-eight hours the severest rain storm would occur that has been known for many years—but it did not come.

☞ A man who follows another man's advice never catches up with it.

☞ A New York editor says that he shall defer his verdict on Mollie Nilsson's singing until he has heard her. That is a sensible plan and reflects credit on his powers of self-denial.

☞ Somebody has sent U. S. Treasurer Spinner ten cents, to be placed at interest until it shall accumulate enough to pay the national debt. Will some of our arithmeticians figure out when that will be?

☞ Owaha, an Indian orator, is on the point of starting on a lecturing tour through the United States. He has for his subject, "The Beneficial Results on the Human Understanding of Scalping, in Connection with a Liberal Provision of Blankets for the Red man."

☞ The California News Letter says that during the months of August the national debt was reduced ten millions of dollars, and then wittily adds, "it cost eleven millions of dollars to reduce it."

☞ The Boston Transcript thus sums up the season at Mt. Desert:—Water poor, air salubrious, meat vile, climate bracing and delightful all summer, bread horrid, bathing cool, sails fine.

WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.

How wretched is the being, matrimonially inclined,
Whose charmer wastes a year or so in making up her mind.
Of all our mortal miseries, no doubt the most intense
Is passing one's existence, like a spider, in suspense.
I've suffered half the agonies to which our flesh is heir,
And tooth-ache and neuralgia seem ghastly things to bear;
But first among the tortures that a man can undergo
Is when a lady hesitates to answer Yes or No.

At least a dozen months ago my martyrdom began,
And yet—I blush to own it—I am still a single man.
The fault at first was all my own, for week had followed week
Before I plucked my courage up sufficiently to speak.
But when I breathed my sentiments I breathed them in a tone
To pierce a heart of granite or of any other stone;
Though all the consolation that the lady could bestow,
Was just the sort of answer that you can't call Yes or No.

A month I waited anxiously a plain reply to get;
But no—she'd had so little time for thinking of it yet.
Another month was over, and a third had flown away,
And still she'd not rejected me nor named the happy day.
In feverish perplexity I've passed a precious year,
And quite as far as ever from my object I appear.
My days are each a century, they creep so very slow,
While waiting in a frenzy for a simple Yes or No.

There's not a man in twenty, I am positively sure,
Could bear with equanimity the quizzing I endure;
I'm called a lucky fellow, too, by every one I meet,
And receive congratulations at the club or in the street.
To-morrow, I'm determined, be the weather wet or dry,
I'll seek my charmer's residence a last appeal to try:
I'll breathe her all my wretchedness, I'll paint her all my woe:
And finish by insisting on a final Yes or No.

☞ HAIR-DYE.—It is asserted that eight per cent. of the lunatics in Charenton Asylum, France, are victims to the use of hair-dye.

☞ Speaking of Tupper's last volume of "poems" ("A Creed, Etcetera," by Martin F. Tupper,) the Athenæum says that the strangest literary phenomenon of our times is the fact that this dull and feeble writer should have a large circle of readers who fail to see his frebleness and his dullness. It is not at all wonderful however, Tupper is a representative man, with an immense constituency.

☞ Each war of modern years has brought into prominence one particular mode of attack or defence. The Crimean war (1854–5) demonstrated the utility of ironclad ships. The Italian war (1859) brought rifled cannon into prominence. The American war (1861–5) established the use of torpedoes. The Austrio-Prussian war (1866) showed the potency of the needle-gun, and the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 has established the use of the mitrailleuse.

☞ John B. Gough, one morning after an exhausting effort the evening before, seeming as good as new, being asked by a clergyman how he managed to work so hard and live, replied, "Oh, I eat and sleep."

☞ Brigham Young regrets the million and a half of women that are "wasted," as he terms it, in this country, by being unmarried. It is sad.

☞ "There is every reason why a good-natured person should make us good-natured, but none whatever why an ill-natured person should make us ill-natured; neither of them ought to make us unjust," says Landor.

☞ The First National Bank of Denver, Colorado, has on exhibition what is said to be "the largest bar of gold ever seen at one time in the world." It is 12½ inches long, 6½ wide, and 4½ thick, weighs 2,348 ounces, has 702 parts of gold to 190 of silver and 93 of alloy, and is valued at $30,000.

☞ Forty thousand women are employed as out-door laborers in England. A large proportion of them, however, would be willing to abandon this "right," and go back to "woman's sphere," if they could.

☞ It turns out that, at the battle of Sedan, thirty per cent. of the French officers were killed, and only seven per cent. of the men they commanded.

☞ When we know how to appreciate a merit we have the germ of it within ourselves.—*Goethe.*

☞ I do not hold that youth is genius; all that I say is, that genius, when young, is divine. The history of Heroes is the history of Youth. Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes.—*Disraeli's Coningsby.*

☞ WOMAN.—There is one in the world who feels for him who is sad a keener pang than he feels for himself; there is one to whom reflected joy is better than that which comes direct; there is one who rejoices in another's honor more than in any which is one's own; there is one on whom another's transcendent excellence sheds no beam but that of delight; there is one who hides another's infirmities more faithfully than one's own; there is one who loses all sense of self in the sentiment of kindness, tenderness and devotion to another; that one is woman.—*Washington Irving.*

☞ A woman should always remember that her clothes should be in expense and quantity proportioned to her own circumstances, and not to those of her neighbor.

☞ THE AUTHOR OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.—Of Defoe's novels, on which his fame principally rests, none were written till long after he had passed his fiftieth year. The whole of his early life was occupied by political contests of a violent and occasionally dangerous kind. He was twice imprisoned and once pilloried; and an entirely new and startling light is thrown upon the whole meaning and plot of "Robinson Crusoe," by the singular suggestion that it was a sort of allegory taken from the various perils and conflicts which its author had to undergo in the course of his political career.

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"In 1851 the uncle of the writer resided as American Minister at Paris, with a large family around him. At this time appeared in society there Eugenie Marie de Guzman, Countess of Montejo; a lovely person and an aristocratic name securing her brilliant conquests in that society, and constituting her one of the most famous ladies in Paris. It was thought, and, indeed, freely remarked, that her mother was more ambitious than herself; that the former designed for her some great alliance, while Eugenie herself appeared a model of simple sincerity—a girl who would choose to consult her heart in any matrimonial affair. Her sister had just married the Duke of Alba and Berwick, a lineal descendant of James II. of England; and the worthy mother, Donna Maria, no doubt designed at least an equal matrimonial destiny for the more beautiful of her daughters. But the heart is not always to be controlled, even in the most aristocratic life, or to yield to its exactions of convenience. Eugenie lost here to a fine-looking blood Virginian, young William C. Rives, son of the American Minister. They were engaged to be married. But Aunt Judy Rives, a Virginian matron, very decided and angular in her scruples, interfered and broke off the match; the Countess was too "fast" for her old Virginian views of social sobriety. The woman for whom the future had reserved so much escaped the comparatively humble match that her heart had decided upon—the destiny of a quiet Virginia housewife—to ascend the throne of France. Alas, what other contrasts may yet remain for her! If the event had been ordered differently; if a prospective mother-in-law had proved complacent, the Empress, the woman who has adorned the throne of France, and displayed to the world the charms of another Cleopatra, might at this moment be a quiet country matron living in a farm-house near Cobham Depot, county of Albemarle and state of Virginia."

Prussian Spies.

We ought not to be too hard upon the French for the panic about Prussian spies. Charles Hartb, who was shot, the other day, in the court-yard of the Military School, confessed himself a spy when taken, and never really denied it afterward; and there are facts enough to prove that King William has studied well in old Frederick's book, who said that the French had one spy and twenty cooks, while he had one cook and twenty spies. For it is plain that the Prussian system of espionage has been long reduced to great perfection. For several years Prussians have been residing, under one pretext or another, in all the border towns and villages, making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the topography, studying military positions, filling their maps and memories with the roads, lanes, and foot-paths, and also making themselves familiar with the means and resources of the inhabitants. Clerks in counting-houses, servants in inns, men in breweries, students who passed the summer in wandering over the hills sketching the scenery, companies of scientific men with hammers and baskets, bent on geological pic-nics, all these are recognized to-day in the persons of Prussian officers entering the French border towns and villages at the head of scouting parties or with victorious troop. It is said, and I see no reason to doubt it, that one Prussian General has visited, during the last year, all the towns and villages likely to be attacked in case of war, in the disguise of an old beggar match-seller.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ It is asserted that the bite of the cobra, or any other poisonous snake or reptile, can be cured by administering a preparation of the gall of the venomous creature.

God be praised! the meanest of His creatures
Has two soul sides; one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.
—*Browning.*

☞ Because a lady looks waspish is does not follow that she will sting.

☞ CALIFORNIA ORCHARDS.—California is largely cultivating, besides the grape, oranges, limes, citrons, figs, and walnuts. In Lower California there are now 7,000 orange trees in bearing. They yield from 600 to 1,500 oranges to the tree, depending on the tree. About 70 trees stand on an acre, which commence producing in eight years from the seed.

☞ THE NUCLEUS OF METHODISM.—It was in 1739, that some ten persons came to John Wesley, in London, to consult him concerning their spiritual state; they formed the nucleus of the society which at this hour numbers more than 50,000 preachers, 3,000,000 communicants, and 12,000,000 hearers.

☞ Nearly one-half the type-setting on the Paris literary papers is done by women.

☞ A general inspecting his battalion asked a young Mobile whether he had any complaint to make. "Yes, General!" "What is it?" "I am suffering from palpitation of the heart." "Good," was the reply, "it beats for its country."

☞ During a recent thunder storm in Minnesota, the lightning struck the ground, boring a hole about eight inches in diameter, and so deep that a twenty-foot pole failed to reach the bottom. Such storms would be invaluable in the oil regions.

☞ Temperance puts coal on the fire, flour in the barrel, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the whole composition of man.

☞ In many country churches the drought is having a very serious effect—the sermons are drier than ever.

☞ A region of salt ten miles square, where it covers the ground like gravel, has been found in New Mexico.

☞ The survivors of the ill-fated iron clad Captain, say she was turned literally bottom up in a heavy squall at night, and went down in three minutes. Her inventor, Captain Coles, went down in her. In consequence of this disaster the English admiralty has suspended work on all turreted ships.

☞ A Boston lawyer had a horse that always stopped, and refused to cross a certain bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would induce him to cross. So he advertised him: "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

☞ Lady.—"Before I engage you I should like to know what your religion is." Cook.—"Oh, ma'am, I always feels it my duty to be of the same religion as the family I'm in."

☞ SOMETHING TO THINK OF.—Rev. Jas. Freeman Clarke says in his "Steps of Belief" that those who look for faults, find faults, and become fault-finders by profession; but those who look for truth and good find that. A little meditation on this sentence would be profitable to all.

☞ If the Prussian is the "coming man," he drinks wine and smokes.

☞ The poet Gray was notoriously fearful of fire, and kept a ladder of ropes in his bed room. Some mischievous young men at Cambridge, knowing this, roused him from below in the middle of a dark night with the cry of fire! The staircase they said was in flames. Up went the window and down he came on his rope ladder as fast as he could into a tub of water, which they had placed there to receive him. He was put out!

☞ A young lady up town says that if a cart wheel has nine *fellows* attached to it, it's a pity that a woman like her can't have one.

☞ An off-handed fellow—one who has lost both of his arms.

☞ Mr. David Macrae, in his new work, "The Americans at Home," recently published in Edinburgh, mentions it as a "most extr'o'd'nary thing, ye kno'," that every state and every city has something particularly to brag of; as, for example: Philadelphia has the longest and straightest streets, and the largest orphanage in the country; New Orleans has the smoothest drive and the biggest river trade; Milwaukee, the best bricks; New York, the finest park and the largest population; Boston, the best schools and the biggest organ; Chicago, the biggest saints, biggest sinners, and the biggest pig-killing establishments in America. "Yes, sir," as one enthusiastic Chicago gentleman declared, "the biggest pig-killing concerns in God's creation!" Such is Mr. Macrae's estimate of the greatness of this particularly great country!

☞ An English savan makes some interesting observations on the purity of water. He thinks that iron affords the best material for disinfecting stale water, or for keeping it fresh. He cites the fact that Thames water, put into iron tanks, becomes sweet, and continues so during a sea voyage. He mentions a fact of some interest to our lady subscribers, namely—that a few nails placed in the vase with flowers will keep the water sweet, and the flowers fresh. He placed some iron filings in a small vessel of water, and placed a leech there. The reptile, after six months, was found healthy.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought:
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.
—*Dial.*

☞ The announcement is made from Washington that "the Commissioner of Agriculture has gone into the country to see how it looks."

☞ The hack-drivers of Kansas City have formed a Trade Union to oppose a street railway that will soon be completed.

☞ While some boys at Chicago were playing base ball, a lad, named O'Geary, aged 13 years, was struck in the pit of the stomach and almost instantly killed.

☞ The latest internal revenue decision is to the effect that the bung of a cask is not the spiggot.

☞ An exchange says:—"We are glad to see the people of Boston taking kindly to lager. It will do the thin, thinking, overworked denizens of that city good, making them more philosophical, more at ease with themselves and the rest of mankind, less dyspeptic and inclined to stir up people ten thousand miles away."

☞ Full returns from Wyoming Territory, received at the Census Bureau, give the total population at 9,115 persons, a number considerably less than was expected by many sanguine friends of the new Territory.

☞ King William, of Prussia, gets a yearly salary of $1,000,000.

☞ Eight cents is all the doctor's fee the law allows in China.

☞ Men born blind can't be carpenters, because they never saw.

☞ A recent case of somnambulism is given in the case of a Kansas farmer who ploughed two acres of ground before awakening.

☞ The number of Jews serving in the German armies is 30,000.

☞ Some ogre of an editor tries to frighten tender consciences by telling young ladies "that when they exclaim, 'dear me!' they are swearing like troopers. Yet such is the fact; for the phrase, as we have it, is but the corruption of the Italian words, 'Dio mio!'—'My God!'"

☞ A woman taking her child, almost dying, to a hospital, acknowledged that she had been giving it spiders for the cure of whooping cough.

☞ An American tourist in Europe states that Sweden is the only country in which he has found the sleeping apartments lighted with gas.

☞ It is estimated that the total number of French taken prisoners since the beginning of the war, is 140 000. The prisoners are subjected to the severe Prussian rules of discipline. One French officer attempted to escape, and was tried by a court-martial and shot.

☞ For the first time in the history of the nation one of the states of the Union, New Hampshire, will show a falling off in population by the census returns.

☞ The Kansas Pacific Railway has a project of irrigating three million acres of the great country through which its road runs, by means of a canal from Platte Canon across the Plains.

☞ A Parisian correspondent writes that a fashionable young lady, of rather attenuated figure, while in the hands of her dressmaker, became alarmed at the spaciousness apportioned to her bodice, and declared that she could never wear it, and the silk had been wrongly cut. "Pardon me, Mademoiselle," replied the *modiste*, "the design is quite correct; the fitting is exactly as it should be. I have made your dress; now I must *bring you up to it!*"

☞ What reason have we to suppose that bear was made in the ark? The kangaroo was seen to go in with hops, and the bear was always brain.

☞ The announcement is made that at the recent book trade sales in New York city, the books brought on an average 15 per cent. more than last year.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

"Who Did That?"

The Pittsburg Mail tells this butter story: "In this city there is a private boarding-house which is a kind of rendezvous for young men. Some time ago the landlady made a purchase of some butter. Among the lot was a lump rather aged. It was put on the tables, but no one there took butter. The next day it was put on another table. So it passed around unmolested, and at the end of the week the landlady was puzzled to know what to do with it. It cost too much to be thrown away, so she took it and paddled it over into another shape, making it more round, and in no respect similer to its former appearance. It appeared in its bran new dress at dinner that day, but met with the same cold reception. Around it went again day by day, from one table to another.

"One day, a don't-care, jolly fellow, always ready and eager for some mischief, watched his opportunity, and when the landlady happened to step out of the dining-room for a moment, he took the big ball of butter, which was then soft enough to hold itself together, and threw it against the ceiling, where it stuck in a kind of hemisphere. The landlady entered just a moment later, and her attention was immediately attracted to the unusual situation of the butter, by the giggling and tittering of the boarders. 'Who did that?' she screamed, in a terrible rage. She repeated her wrathy question several times without an answer, when the fellow who had done the mischief looked slyly up at the greasy substance, and said, 'Speak, butter, you're old enough to talk for yourself.'"

A Good Recommendation.

A patent medicine vender in one of our principal cities was orating to a large crowd upon the wonderful efficacy of his iron bitters, pronouncing them the great panacea, and all potent in building up an "iron constitution."

"That is so—that is so," said a bystander. "What he tells you is a fact, gentlemen, every word of it."

"Hear that, will you?" cried the delighted quack; "here is living testimony right before your own eyes—a man who has used the bitters, and can recommend them."

"No, not exactly that," replied the old fellow; "I have never used the stuff myself; but, you see, Steve Jenkins did, and they jest saved his life."

"How's that?" questioned some one.

"Well, you see, Steve had taken the bitters jest one week before he was shoved in prison for murder. He was stripped of everything in the shape of iron about him, and yet he made a bar and worked his way out."

"Probably he had whiskey enough in him to furnish a bar," suggested a wag."

"No, but he didn't," retorted the first. "He had been taking this man's iron bitters, d'ye mind? and what does Steve do but open a vein in his arm, and take iron enough out of his blood to make a crowbar, and pried the gates open with it, and let himself out. Fact."

The "medicine man" subsided.

An Unfortunate Illustration.

A certain professor was noted for having a certain set of illustrations, from which he could not well deviate without running the risk of a blunder. In illustrating the powerful effects of prussic acid, he was wont to inform the class that a drop placed on a dog's tongue was sufficient to kill him. On one occasion when lecturing his class he said:

"Mr. Smith," addressing a young man whose chance of passing was very slender, "what can you say of prussic acid? Is it powerful or otherwise?"

"It is rather powerful," said the student, dubiously.

"Rather powerful!" said the professor, indignantly. "Put a drop on your tongue, and it will kill a dog!"

The shout of laughter which followed, and Smith's confusion, revealed to the professor that his illustration had served a double purpose.

Had Forgotten Something.

"I say, cap'n," said a little-eyed man as he landed from the steamboat Petona, at Natchez—"I say, cap'n, this 'ere ain't all." "That's all the baggage you brought on board, sir," replied the captain. "Well, see, now, it's accordin' to list—four boxes, three chests, two ban' boxes, a portmanty, two hams (one part cut), three ropes bayons, and a tea-kittle; but I'm dubersum. I feel there's something short, though I've counted 'em nine times, and never took my eyes ov 'em while on board; there's something not right, somehow." "Well, stranger, the time's up; there's all I know of; so bring up your wife and five children out of the cabin, and we're off." "Them's um, darn it, them's um! I knowed I'd forgot something."

STILL ALIVE.—Dr. L., of St. Louis, Missouri, who is something of a wag, called on a colored Baptist minister and propounded a few puzzling questions. "Why is it," said he, "that you are not able to do the miracles that the Apostles did. They were protected against all poisons and all kinds of perils. How is it that you are not protected in the same way?" The colored brother responded promptly:—"Don't know about that, doctor. I 'spect I is. I have tooken a *mity sight of strong medicine from you doctors, and I is alive yet.*"

Knowledge of One's Self.

It is perfectly outrageous that men and women should be so profoundly ignorant, as they are, of the nature of that prison-house from which they can never escape so long as life lasts, that our youth should, under pretence of training, be taught things which they can never see or touch in after life, should be made wise in phantoms and myths, and encouraged to put aside all curiosity about the things which they carry about with them always everywhere. Is it not monstrous that many a lad of eighteen should have so vivid a picture in his mind's eye, of, say, Syracuse during the Peleponnesian war, as to make people think he must have lived long years in Sicily, while the inside of his own body is to him a dim mystery, of which he can call up no clear image, but fancies it somehow or other more or less like a pig's?

☞ The census-takers in some portions of the West have as funny experiences as those in the large cities in this section. One has discovered a lady in Indiana who is happy and contented in the name of Jane Juliette Isalina Araminta Maesdora Peeks; and in Ohio a family has been found where the first son is named Imprimis, the second Appendix, and the three others, Addendum, Finis and Erratum!

FOREIGNERS IN FRANCE.

Our artist friend, Jacobs, is taking sketches in France, and complains that he can't "Go to Nature" without being closely watched by those confounded Gendarmes. He asks, does he look like a *Prussian Spy?*

A SEPTEMBER SONG.

Florence, my darling, my sweet, fair Florence,
Shall we ever again by the side of the sea
Wander together and whisper together,
As the white waves froth up and flicker-ing flee?

With most sweet voice and most song-like laughter,
With glamor of eyes that like violets seemed,
You came, your gold hair wind-wafted after,
You came and I followed as one who dreamed.

The memory, my child, still lives and lingers
Of the happy time and the careless hours;
There is still on my hand a faint touch of fingers;
There still stands before me my Queen of Flowers!

And the violet eyes, and the gorse-gold tresses,
The beauty and freshness, the fragrance and flame
Of the flower-like face, flushed with caresses,
Return at the thought of the flower-like name.

And now that with autumn all sweet things die,
And the season of sun and of summer is fled,
My sweet one love, confess or deny—
The brief love-dream, is that, too, dead?

The Tolling Bell.

It is a custom kept up in many villages of New England to toll the bell at the death of any person in the village, and to indicate the age and sex by the number of strokes. We have rarely seen so dramatic a description of this custom as in the following extract from "Shining Hours:"—

An hour later, the bell tolled—slow, deep strokes at first, dying out in throbbing waves of sound; then quicker strokes, with pauses after each ten—eight pauses; then four strokes more—another pause—a single stroke—silence.

"Eighty-four, and a male," said Farmer Brown, as he finished counting the strokes of the bell, and slowly let down the pasture-bars—"eighty four, and a male. Old Dr. Morse, no doubt about that—boss, boss, bo-o-ss, co, bo-o-ss! Didn't think he was quite so fur along 'n years. Co, boss, co, bo-o-o-ss! Good old man he was, 'n a Christian, too. Sot that are heifer's leg, 'n took jes' as good care on her as of she'd been a woman, I tell you," continued the farmer, looking the brindle cow square in the face, as she stepped over the bars, "them 't's good to critters has got religion, 'n my 'pinion."

"Eighty-four, and a male," said old Widow Bailey, as she stood listening in her cottage door. "He's gone, then, dear old saint! Who'll look after poor folks now when they're sick, and 'tend to 'em night and day for nothin', and talk to 'em so comfortin', too, and pray as beautiful as a minister? We never sh'll hev no sich doctor round here as'n. But the Lord's will be done! He'll find widders and orphins enough in heaven that 'll be glad to see him. Dr. Morse will, that's clear; and I kind o' guess the Lord 'll pay the'r bills, accordin' to what I read in the Scriptur'."

"Eighty-four, and a male. It is he, then!" sighed Mrs. Deacon Wells, wiping her eyes. "He is home, at last, and at rest—a blessed change to him, and one long prayed for. But to Edith—this second orphanage will be worse than the first. What will she do? I must go over and try to comfort the poor little heart."

"Eighty-four, and a male," said Mr. Alden, the schoolmaster. "That must be Willie's grandfather. A sad loss to such a boy, breaking up his home when he needs it most, and destroying the last tie which represented the parental relation. It has been hinted to me that such an event would change the prospects of my pupil. I hope it may turn his thoughts to his prospect for a better life. He seems to possess every good gift but that of which his grandfather had such an abundant measure—true godliness."

"Eighty-four, and a male, is it?" said Biddy O'Flinn. "God rest his soul, an' forgive me for prayin' for a heretic. But sure an' the's not a saint in Heaven could iver tells the likes o' him from a Catholic."

"Eighty-four, and a male," said Lawyer Webb to his partner, as he drew in his head from his office window, where he had been leaning, with his pen in his mouth. "That will was not made an hour too soon. I told him so. 'We must attend to these things at the proper time,' said I, 'and in the eyes of the law that time is an early one. The law regards eighty as a very uncertain figure, six—a very uncertain figure!' 'You will see that I have dealt largely in uncertain figures,' he replied, tumbling out his books of account. And so I found. Such a set of books! Thousands of dollars he might have collected as well as not, but had just let go out of good nature. But he would not hear a word about my trying to get it. 'Poor souls,' said he, 'I won't physic them and sue them, too!'"

"Eighty-four, and a male," said young Dr. Wylie, reining in his horse at the foot of Avelon Hill. "I knew he was most gone the last time I saw him. Too bad. Great loss to the profession. Fine judgment. Well read. Immense experience. Such character, too—such character. Makes me feel like a heathen, the way these people talk about his goodness. I must think of that, no mistake. What if the old man's mantle should fall on my wicked young shoulders. Come, Kate, that bell tells us we have a holy work to do!"

The life and death of the good man formed the subject of conversation in scores of homes that evening.

The Wrong Business.

Many a man is on the wrong road altogether with respect to his profession. We have known an artist whose true vocation was a linendraper, and more than one tradesman, with all his head and heart in art, a very bad bargainer, but a good judge of colors, and a capital hand at dressing out a window; a solicitor ground down to a desk, whose native road lay along the sea beach, and between the storm and the flood; a clergyman, who would have been more at home in a carpenter's shop than in the pulpit; and an actress, whose *beau ideal* of human life was a farm-house down in the remote country, where she might feed her ducks and chickens herself, and superintend the dairy and the baking. Now all these people were on wrong roads of life; consequently, could never cultivate the hedge-side properly, but were forced to be content with sloes, and hips, and blackberries, and anything else that came handy and by the grace of nature; never able to raise a bushel of grain for harvest time, or to gather their own apples for winter storage. If they had been on the right track for each, they might have cultivated every square foot of their portions, and then the world would have had so much added harmony between character and circumstance, and so much more faithful work heartily performed, which is always a gain to the world, never too rich in pilgrims going the right road to Mecca.

What Music Does to Wood.

Some authorities contend that the wood of the violin becomes changed in structure after being played upon, and is reconstructed on a finer principle, and for this reason a very old violin that has been well treated by refined playing can hardly be bought, because it has yielded up its original coarseness and obeys a divine law. When Ole Bull wished to repair his violin, he waited till one day some accident in the orchestra "killed" the double bass, when he secured a portion of the wood to incorporate in his instrument. Military music converts men from a mob into a machine, and subjects their wills to the purpose of one enthusiastic moment.

☞ What is a house without a baby? Well, comparatively quiet.

☞ Professor Lowell does not think much of "a system which gives Teague, because he can dig, as much influence as Ralph, because he can think."

☞ The Missouri census-takers only report 31,000 "Colonels." There were more, but most of them have been raised to "Generals."

AGRICULTURAL.

Grooming Trotting Horses.

There are but few who know how to properly take care of the trotting horse. It is a great art. It requires long practice, close observation, and the best judgment. In this article we shall have nothing to say about giving him feed, exercise, training, &c., but speak of grooming as generally understood—that is, currying, brushing, rubbing, and keeping his coat and skin in order. Not only his looks, but his health, strength, and speed depend in a great measure upon the grooming he receives.

The object of the groom should be to remove all dirt, sandrull, and other impurities from the hair and skin; also, to open the pores of the skin, and remove all obstructions. This should be done on every part of the body and limbs. No part should be slighted.

Now, as to how this should be done. A good stiff brush is the best thing to use for the purpose. The currycomb should only be used to remove mud, and particularly upon a nervous horse with a thin skin. Some grooms like to apply the currycomb on the tender skin of the horse, to put him in all the agony possible. They like to see him kick and bite. They will rub him in the flank and under the belly with additional strength, to see what capers he will cut up. We have sometimes thought we would like to give these fellows a rubbing down or two, to teach them how good it feels. It spoils the temper of the horse; makes him a biter or kicker; it does him no good, but great injury. The groom will yell, at kick, or beat the poor horse after putting him in such agony. The tone of the voice in the stable should always be soft and kind. The horse should learn that man is his friend—not a tyrant and enemy.

The grooming should be done in the gentlest possible manner, particularly on nervous horses. With the brush in one hand, and the currycomb in the other, to remove the dirt from the brush, go over gently but thoroughly, every part of the horse. Get the dirt all out of the hair, and off the skin. After the brushing is done, take cloths and rub the horse thoroughly, getting up a friction which will set the pores to work. It will make the hair glossy. Old salt sacks are the best rubbers that can be used. A supply of these should always be kept on hand, clean and dry. The feet should then be washed out and dried.

One thorough cleaning a day is enough, if done after exercise. But it is usual to give him a partial cleaning in the morning before work, and then a thorough one after his exercise, and again a rubbing after the evening walk. This is all well enough; but some grooms keep at work all the time at their horses, allowing them no time to rest. This is wrong. The horse should not be interfered with after the rubbing he receives after his exercise in the morning, till he gets his evening walk. He will take his feed at nine o'clock in the morning and rest till noon, when he will again take his feed, and rest till three or four o'clock, when it will do him good to have a walk of half an hour or so, and then a careful rubbing will be beneficial.

When a horse comes in from his exercise sweating, a blanket should be thrown over him to keep the sweat from cooling off, and a couple of good men should rub him dry as soon as possible. The hood and blanket can be applied once or twice a week on most horses beneficially to draw out a greater amount of perspiration, opening the pores of the skin, reducing the surplus matter and cleansing the pores. But this should not be carried too far, or it will weaken and injure him.

No horse can be put in proper condition for trotting without the most careful attention to grooming. It is just as important as it is to give him the proper amount of feed and work. A great interest is now awakened in the trotting horse. There are strains of trotting blood just as reliable as in racing blood. Trotting horses can be bred as successfully, and far more profitably, than race horses. Every one wants a fine-moving horse, be he merchant, farmer, or divine. It is no stigma to a man, in any profession, that he loves a good horse—a horse that can carry him along rapidly, when he wants to go rapidly. And if farmers would pay more attention to breeding good trotters, they would find their profits much increased.—*Rural World.*

Sow's Milk.

Once a Week discourses as follows:—

"Everybody knows the value of milk as liquid food for the young and weak; but everybody does not know that of all milk, that from the sow is the richest and most nutritious. It contains fifty per cent. more of solid constituents, such as butter, cheesy matter, and sugar, than does the lacteal produce of the cow. This is shown in a recent analysis by Professor Cameron, of Dublin. He appears to be only the second chemist who has examined the secretion. Curiously, the sow's is generally absent from lists of milk analysis; the reason doubtless being the difficulty of securing specimens. Your porcine mother strenuously resists the appeals of the fairest of milkmaids—beauty cannot induce or dexterity compel her to yield a drop of her offspring's legitimate food, even for the benefit of science. So, unless these scruples can be overcome, there is little chance of the rich diet coming to market."

So much for richness, which any person given to thinking will have no reason to question. As to quantity: in our possession is a Chester County sow which has frequently raised ten pigs. She is an enormously large animal. Up to five weeks old, her pigs rarely if ever eat from the trough; and basing our calculation on the amount which those eat that some of our neighbors have brought up by hand, we believe that she gives (with a litter of fifteen) between ten and twelve quarts of milk a day.

Feed Hay Carefully.

There are hundreds of tons of hay lost every winter among farmers by careless feeding. We have been astonished sometimes when witnessing the amount wasted around barnyards and stacks. This waste is entirely unnecessary, and if it was made the rule of every farmer never to feed any kind of stock upon the ground, thousands of dollars might be saved annually. There are times, to be sure, when the earth is frozen dry and clean, but if racks are not provided, full one-half of the time the hay will be dealt out either in wet snow or mud, and a good portion lost.

Portable racks should be used around stacks and their location changed every few days; the racks should be so constructed that the stock can get at their feed handily, and at the same time made so that the hay cannot be pulled out and trampled under foot.

Catching Rats.

In order to trap rats successfully, they must not have their suspicions aroused. If unmolested for a while, they become very much at home, and may be caught with ease. Mr. Willis P. Storrs, Painesville, O., catches rats as follows: He uses a barrel on which are two boards large enough to cover it. One board is nailed fast, and the other hinged to it so as to form a movable half-cover. A string is attached to the movable part of the cover, and reaches to the adjoining apartment or place of concealment. The barrel is nearly filled with wheat screenings and set where the rats will readily run to it to feed; the half of the cover being open, and all other food kept out of their reach. The rats will soon become unsuspecting, and when a goodly number has gathered within the barrel the cover is closed upon them by pulling the string.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 58 letters.
My 15, 21, 9, 36, 24, 41, 48, 32, is a precious stone.
My 6, 34, 57, 46, 4, 17, 29, is part of a ship.
My 3, 31, 33, 18, 50, is a kind of rope.
My 11, 25, 16, 55, 52, 10, 43, is an instrument of music.
My 30, 48, 28, 19, 38, 5, is an ornamental cave.
My 23, 44, 29, is a Spanish title.
My 55, 31, 2, 53, 42, 51, 58, 21, 7, is a species of quartz.
My 12, 20, 39, 40, 13, are consonants.
My 42, 14, 26, 11, 35, 52, is a relative.
My 55, 17, 1, 56, is a vessel.
My 52, 45, 47, 54, 58, is a boy's name.
My 23, 8, 38, 49, 27, is a place of deposit.
My whole is a verse from Proverbs.

DOT AND DASH.

Plainville, Ohio.

Riddle.

My first is in bee, but not in honey.
My second is in change, but not in money.
My third is in court, but not in law.
My fourth is in tooth, but not in raw.
My fifth is in color, but not in paint.
My sixth is in angel, but not in saint.
My whole can destruction and sorrow bring,
And where ever 'tis seen is a fearful thing.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Mathematical Problem.

Inside a cylindrical bucket, partly filled with water, floats another 10 inches in diameter. Enough water is poured into the outer one to fill it. Had the same quantity been poured into the inner one, the outer one would still have been filled. The descent of the inner bucket in the second case would be equal to its rise in the first. Required—the diameter of the outer bucket.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A name consists of 5 letters. Taking the letters composing the name as counted by their respective number in the alphabet. (That is counting a as 1, b as 2, c as 3, &c., through the alphabet, and k as 11.) Then the product of the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th number is 37; the product of the 1st, 2d, 3d and 5th is 28; the product of the 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th is 38; the product of the 1st, 3d, 4th and 5th is 41; and the product of the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th is 29. What is the name?

ERNEST KUEHL.

Valley Forge, St. Francis Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are people who stutter not to be relied on? Ans.—Because they are always breaking their word.

☞ Why does walking on the cliffs make you feel sleepy? Ans.—Because you see so many yawning chasms.

☞ What plague of Egypt resembles a hat? Ans.—Darkness which might be *felt.*

☞ Why are types like criminals? Ans.—Because it isn't proper to look them up without proof.

☞ THE POWER OF FAITH.—How can you make C the second letter of the alphabet? Ans.—By B leaving it.

☞ How is it that the summer always goes so quickly? Ans.—Because there is so often an evening mist.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes." RIDDLE.—Charm, Harm, Mar, Ram, Car, Ham.

RECEIPTS.

COLD PARTRIDGE PIE.—This is a favorite dish at the breakfast table. Make a forcemeat with lean veal and fat bacon, both free from skin and gristle; these should be seasoned and pounded together in a mortar, equal parts of each. For a large pie, take four partridges, spread them open, season them, line a pie mould with paste, place a layer of forcemeat on the bottom, then the partridges; cover them with forcemeat, and finish with a few slices of bacon; put in the paste, cover, and bake; when cool some meat gravy should be poured in; this may be made with old birds, but the pie itself should be only made with young ones.

TOMATO PIE.—Take two large ripe Feejee or other tomatoes of the same size, drop them into boiling water to remove the skin, then, with a sharp knife, cut them into thin slices, put the crust in an ordinary pie-pan, as for berry pie; cover the bottom with a layer of the tomatoes, then a layer of sugar and butter, then of tomatoes, then of sugar and butter as before; flavor with either lemon, orange peel, or nutmeg, to the taste. Cover with the top crust, bake, and bring to the table hot—(cold tomato pie is not good). Two very large tomatoes, two tablespoonsful of sugar, and one of butter, are enough for one pie, baked in a pan ten inches across. If there are too much tomato, sugar, and butter put into one pie, there will be too much juice; a little practice in making will make all right.

PEPPERS.—To 100 peppers put 3½ pints of salt and as much scalding water as will cover them. Put a weight over them. Let them remain two days; then take them out and let them drain. Make a small opening in the side to let out the water. Wipe them, put them in a stone jar with ½ oz. cloves, ½ oz. all-spice, and a small lump of alum. Cover them with cold vinegar. When done in this way they do not change color.

CHOW CHOW.—Chop fine half a bushel of green tomatoes, two large white cabbages, twelve large onions, and several green and red peppers. Then to a gallon of sharp vinegar add two ounces, each, of cinnamon, allspice, cloves and nutmeg, ground fine; in this spiced vinegar boil the tomatoes, etc., until soft, stirring frequently. When done put them into jars, pouring over them the boiling vinegar.

CITRON MELON.—Cut it in pieces the size you wish, take out the soft centre and seeds, pare off the green rind, then throw the pieces in cold water and let them stand all night. Next day boil them, in water enough to cover them, for 20 minutes, adding alum the size of a walnut to each quart of water, to green them; ¾ sugar to 1 lb fruit, slice some lemons, and put in also essence of ginger to taste. Boil till clear.